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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE financial crisis in Germany, with its monetary and political repercussions on the Continent, has thrown British home affairs completely into the background during the past week; and in view of the summoning of a conference of European Ministers and experts to London on Monday next, there is every indication that the Parliamentary session will end tamely. Meanwhile the Budget has passed through its formal final stages in the Lords, but the point of importance is not what the Finance Act contains, but how far it will be necessary to supplement it. In the Commons the measure to stop Dole abuses (miscalled anomalies) has been discussed.

The foreign policy of the Government in this crisis remains obscure. It was reported that Mr. Henderson had requested Germany to scrap her pocket battleships and the Anschluss; but since the report originated in Paris, it seemed as likely to be tendentious as true, and the *Manchester Guardian* wisely called for an immediate official denial. It was not forthcoming, but Mr. Henderson, in an informal interview in the train between Calais and Paris, used words which at least implied that no such proposals had been made or supported.

The subject remains obscure, and the obscurity should have been cleared up, in view of Mr. Henderson's visit to Paris this week and the London Conference next week. It is, after all, important that we should know whether the

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British Government has a European policy, and if so, in what that policy consists. The House of Commons and not the *Golden Arrow* is the proper place for such matters to be elucidated.

There has been some comment, in quarters sceptical of the value of the League of Nations, as to the impotence of Geneva in a first-class crisis affecting Germany, France, Britain, Austria, Hungary, and other signatory Powers. It is difficult to see how the League could have functioned in this matter. But the mere fact that it is unable to function suggests that there are very definite limits to its usefulness.

A further point is not without substance. Modern mechanical inventions—telephone, cable, wireless and other devices—have made communication at a distance quick and easy between private individuals, and the same means are open to statesmen in various capitals. The first signs of the present German financial crisis were freely discussed in well informed private circles in London nearly a year ago, and some rumour of these matters presumably reached the various Foreign Offices. Was nothing done to make the stitch in time, and if not, why not? Are the facilities for quick and easy discussion merely a means of procrastination?

The Disarmament Meeting at the Albert Hall last Saturday was a success, in the sense that the hall was full, and the three party leaders evoked the enthusiasm of the converted. The Prime Minister, who was obviously tired and worried, was least effective of the three, as he is generally when he indulges in excessive emphasis. Mr. Lloyd George was the most explicit, and Mr. Baldwin was quietly sincere. Lord Cecil, though speaking at the end of the evening, seemed to make the deepest impression.

But the chief effect of the meeting on any thinking man must have been exactly the reverse of its intention. Exactly the same things were said after Locarno; yet armaments increased. Exactly the same things were said after the Kellogg Pact; yet again armaments increased. The contradiction is too gross and obvious to escape notice. Either the statesmen did not believe what they wrote, or the public did not believe what they said. Perhaps both.

I understand that the long-expected reply of the railway companies to the Government on the Weir Electrification Report may be far less optimistic than has been assumed in some quarters. Railwaymen agree on the advantage of electrification under suitable conditions, such as on crowded sections of main line and in congested urban and suburban areas, but the conversion of over fifty thousand miles of track, including sidings, is quite another matter, even if the money were available. Moreover, there has been a considerable tendency to criticize the estimates of the Weir Report on the ground that they are based on a survey of selected sections of line on which the conditions do not necessarily apply to the system as a whole. They would certainly not seem to apply to a large part of Scotland.

Leaving financial considerations out of account, one of the basic factors of the situation is that we have in this country ample supplies of cheap and suitable coal, and that its haulage costs are relatively low, since so much of the railway mileage is near a colliery district. Even in the South and West of England the geographical disadvantage is being lessened by the remarkable recent developments in the Kentish coalfield, which is now producing a large yearly output.

So long as coal is cheap and abundant, arguments for railway electrification that apply in such countries as Italy and Switzerland are to a large extent not applicable in Great Britain. Of course, if the Government were to finance electrification, as has been suggested in some quarters, the railway companies would look on the matter from a different point of view, but, so far, the Government has given no indication that it is prepared to grant financial support.

* * *

The most impressive thing about the Macmillan Report was the great names attached to the document, the least impressive was the contents. As these were mostly ignored by the public, it did not really matter what the Committee said; but in actual fact they mildly criticized the banks, advocated a little gentle inflation, and patted national development softly on the back.

The Committee was not quite sure what it thought about the gold standard, and apparently could not make up its mind whether it was a law of Nature or a game like cricket, that must be played fairly to be played at all. The one thing the pundits were agreed on was the necessity of maintaining price-stability, which the old economists taught could only be attained by equalizing supply and demand; the new school, on the contrary, pin their faith to alternate inflation and deflation.

This combination of first aid and artificial respiration suggests that world-commerce is, indeed, a drowning man; but the trouble, as I see it, is that the remedy may be worse than the disease. Inflation, like alcohol, may be a good thing in moderation, but once it gets a hold on the victim the dose gets larger and larger until monetary terms become completely meaningless. The classic case of post-war Germany should have ended all such expedients.

The report does not touch the basic trouble from which the whole world is suffering—a complete lack of confidence in the future. This is induced, not from any flaw in banking policy, or currency, or the way the gold standard operates, but from the fact that more goods are produced than can be sold. On the remedy for that—if there is a remedy—the Committee is silent.

* * *

I have occasionally called attention to the meaning which events are placing upon that blessed word rationalization. It involves the centralized control of an industry within a country as a preliminary to an international agreement for marketing its products. The process has gone farthest

with sugar, but the Macmillan Report recommends its application to gold; and Geneva, working along a different line of approach, has worked it out for opium. In the urgent case of wheat, there is as yet no action; only a pooling of information.

In another case, even more urgent, even this preliminary stage has not been reached. I refer, of course, to coal. France, however, may initiate important developments. Her idea is to guarantee her own producers by limiting imports, and to minimize the dislocation by giving every country whose coal she imports a definite quota. Other countries will have to follow her example, or else the coal excluded from France will be dumped on them. The final and unexpected result would be the stabilization of the whole European market.

* * *

Surprise is everywhere expressed upon the curious volte-face of the Ministry of Health in its dealings with unemployment. Until recently the Ministry led the way in pouring out public funds by way of grants-in-aid for new drains, houses, waterworks, etc. All this was to give employment in rural and urban areas to unskilled labour, and to provide work in steel factories, brick-yards, etc., for thousands more.

But a new spirit is abroad in the land. A sort of official whispering campaign is going the rounds of local government to the effect that economy is the public order of the day. Every effort is being made to hang up and cut down new schemes. Has the leopard changed his spots, or is it simply that the Greenwood has run dry?

* * *

The series of lectures which Sir James Jeans has been delivering in America—a summary of which appears as a supplement to this week's *Nature*—deals with our present knowledge of the problems arising from the presence of cosmic rays and the current speculations as to the annihilation of matter. His conclusion is quite definite that cosmic rays "come to us as messengers, not only from the farthest depths of space, but also from the remotest eras of time," and that they are the remanet of stellar matter that has been annihilated.

Whether this annihilation is still taking place now, or occurred only in the remote past, Dr. Jeans says we have no means of knowing. "All that the rays show is that somewhere and some time in the history of the universe, matter has been annihilated." But clearly the problem cannot, and will not, be left there.

If the whole business of creation was instantaneous, and the cosmos started, as it were, with a bang, then this evidence (combined with the shift of the spectral lines towards the red from the remotest extra-galactic nebulae) suggests that the cosmos itself is dissipating into space and disappearing like a tale that is told; and the comparative emptiness of the heavens on a clear starlit night seems rather to support this theory. On the other hand, creation may be continuous. The point at issue is philosophically of the first importance.

At this time of year fathers of families are ruefully contemplating forthcoming holiday expenses. But a more serious item looms ahead in September, namely, the fees for education at a public school for a young son. Each boy costs £120-£250 a year for four years.

As the public schools remain the backbone of upper and upper middle-class education, this is a matter of national importance, and justifies an open invitation to headmasters of all classes of public school to reconsider their customary charges. Girls' schools and preparatory schools for boys have fallen into line: the older 'Varsities cost 25 per cent. less than in 1919. But the public school still enjoys war-time scales. Where the increase improves salaries, pensions, etc., for the staff, it is an increase commonly agreed to. But costs for board are falling; and so are local rates.

It was only owing to the Governor's generous use of college funds that, at the richest foundation of all, six boys were last year enabled to complete their normal period at school. Parents cannot afford the old-time scale in these hard times, and even £3 relief a term means nearly £10 a year.

* * *

A correspondent in southern Russia informs me that the natives of Turkestan have for some time past been on the verge of revolution owing to Bolshevik government. Promised the fullest liberty, and the right of separation if so desired, Moscow has not only kept its heel on the unfortunate inhabitants, but indulges in a system of persecution and forced labour, as a result of which thousands have fled into Persia and Afghanistan. This is part and parcel of a scheme to colonize the rich districts of Turkestan with Russians, which is progressing apace. Under the Soviet Five-Year Plan 400,000 peasants will be settled in the region, and the product of the great cotton district of Fergania become the property of Moscow.

* * *

A cricketing friend, who was at Lord's last week, tells me that in his opinion there are at least half a dozen schools in the country which, on present form, could beat either Eton or Harrow by an innings. Although a mere child in these matters, I am rather inclined to agree with him, if for no other reason than that Etonians and Harrovians are becoming increasingly rarer in the Oxford and Cambridge elevens.

In these circumstances, surely it would be a good idea if the leading cricketing schools played for a cup of some sort, with the final at Lord's. We should then be assured of some really good play for our money, though whether Eton and Harrow would ever reach the final seems somewhat problematical. The dress parade part of the business would, of course, in that event have to be transferred elsewhere, say to Hyde Park if fine, and to Olympia if wet.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

THE middle of July seventeen years ago saw Europe on the edge of an abyss, and to-day history seems determined to repeat itself, though it still remains to be seen how deep is the abyss in the present instance, and how near we are to the edge. The position is changing from hour to hour, and every change appears to make the situation more complicated, but it is clear that the Hoover proposals came at least six months too late, and that, with one or two exceptions, the statesmen of Europe have failed to foresee the probable course of events, while even these one or two exceptions failed altogether to control them. In view, therefore, of this latter circumstance, and of the fact that the same statesmen are for the most part still in charge of the destinies of their respective countries, we are by no means optimistic as to the ultimate, as opposed to the immediate, outcome of the present crisis.

In itself, the diagnosis of the problem is not particularly difficult. The seed of the present catastrophe was sown years ago, when France and the United States refused to base the whole international post-war financial settlement upon the principles outlined in the famous and far-sighted Balfour Note. From that refusal, and the demand for astronomical indemnities by France and the repayment of principal and interest of war loans by America, dates the subsequent chaos and hopelessness. To this must be added the facts that Germany borrowed money from her creditors in order to pay her debts—a crazy method more suited to the Mad Hatter's tea party than to responsible statesmen and international financiers—and that while her banks have participated in all and every kind of industrial enterprise, some, at least, of her commercial magnates lost their heads (and other people's money) in wild speculations that have now crashed and ruined both their deluded authors and their victims. Germany before the war was relatively a rich country, but even then she could not have afforded both reparations and company promoters; Germany since the war, almost devoid of capital, has been bled white by her late enemies and sucked dry by her own vampires. From the former she is entitled to some relief, if only because the burden is greater than she can bear; but from the latter she must deliver herself by her own act.

The inevitable result is that the Reich is in a potentially more dangerous state to-day than at any time since the Thirty Years War. As if this were not enough, political considerations of one sort and another have been added to make confusion worse confounded, so that at the moment of writing it is difficult to see how a re-examination can be avoided of all the questions that it was hoped had been settled for ever at Versailles twelve years ago. Such a state of affairs is, indeed, a sorry reflection upon modern statesmanship.

It is obvious that the United States has reached the limit of its concessions, and seeing that New York is faced with another financial crisis and the Middle West with another produce crisis, and that there is every likelihood of Washington being called upon to deal with some twelve million unemployed during the coming winter, we cannot

feel that Europe can reasonably expect America to throw good money after bad into the apparently bottomless pit of German finance. Such being the case, the attitude of France has become of the first importance, for with her enormous—and still increasing—reserve of gold, she holds the key to any solution of the problem. Paris is fully aware of this, and as the price of her assistance she has asked for certain political guarantees, namely, the postponement of German naval construction, the abandonment of the Austro-German Customs Union, and the dissolution of the *Stahlhelm*.

Of these three demands, there is probably general agreement with the first, for it would be ridiculous for the neighbours of Germany to lend her money to build ships that might be used against them. As to the second, the proposed Customs Union has presumably, in any case, passed into the limbo of forgotten policies, for Austria is hardly likely to wish for a partnership in a firm which is virtually in a state of bankruptcy, but if France wants the fact formally recognized—possibly as a preliminary to a reconstituted Austro-Hungarian economic unit—no serious objection can be taken. The dissolution of the *Stahlhelm*, on the other hand, is a demand of the most impudent nature, and is an interference with the internal affairs of another country just as indefensible as if Signor Mussolini demanded the suppression of the Grand Orient, or the Pope that of the *Action Française*. Memories are short to-day, but the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in 1914 was an almost exact parallel to this last condition, and the consequences of that interference are certainly not forgotten.

So far as they can be judged at the moment, the steps taken by the German Government to control the internal situation seem likely to prove temporarily effective in stopping the flight of capital, simply because it is in effect immobilized altogether. But that means that in order to save the financial position, commerce has been throttled; for the same measures that will stop capital going out will also stop raw materials coming in, and the doctors will have to beware lest while curing the disease they kill the patient. For the next few days this is perhaps the best that can be done; it remains to be seen whether the European Ministers and experts, whom the British Government have invited to discuss the whole situation in London next week, will be able to devise not merely a palliative, but a remedy. We hope for the best; but we say frankly that we should have had more confidence in their foresight had they given some previous indication of possessing it.

The plain fact is that the time in which it is still possible to save the situation is short, and the collapse of Germany would mean the menace of Bolshevism in Central Europe, as in the months immediately following the end of the war. It is thus no moment for France to snatch a purely national advantage, however tempting it may be to do so, and we earnestly hope that both in Paris and Berlin the necessity of making a concession or two may be appreciated before it is too late, if for no other reason than that the alternative is, in all probability, the outbreak of rioting, revolution and anarchy in a large part of Europe.

POPULATION AND POLITICS

IT is not a matter of mere academic interest that in twenty years the population of Great Britain will in all probability begin to decline, and that industry is tending to desert the North and Midlands for the South-Eastern counties. These are definite facts which affect the whole future of the country, and consequently cannot be neglected, without the gravest danger, by statesmen. The Census must not be regarded in the light of a mere record like Ruff or Wisden; for vital statistics are by no means so unconnected with politics as is commonly supposed. The fact, for example, that the population of France has remained relatively stationary for so long is not due to any decline either in the amorous propensities, or in the fertility, of the French people, but rather to the limitations imposed by the *Code Napoléon* upon the distribution of property by will. It cannot be denied that national policy sooner or later influences vital statistics, and though the results of this or that policy may not be felt for two or three decades, this does not affect the argument, since it is by his ability to gauge the future correctly that a statesman is eventually judged.

If these premisses be granted, the recent Census is frankly disquieting. England is still being administered and developed on the assumption that her population will continue to grow indefinitely, and yet the Registrar-General assures us that within two decades it will begin to fall. In other words, another fifty years will see some of the great urban communities of to-day as wildernesses of empty offices, shops, and houses, while builders and architects will be glad of a few odd repairing jobs in decaying suburbs and declining garden cities. But even before Putney begins to look like Pompeii, England will be confronted by the problem which faces Ireland—the adaptation of the national economy to a falling population.

The most serious side of this problem is the doubt whether it will prove possible to maintain the Empire if its outlying parts are no longer to be reinforced by the mother country. What, then, can be done to avert the catastrophe that appears to be impending? The answer, in our opinion, can only be a complete revision of the

whole basis of taxation, and the abandonment of that policy of *panem et circenses* to which all three parties appear to be wedded. The death duties must be abolished altogether where property passes from parent to child, even if they are graduated more steeply than at present as the degree of relationship becomes remote. In this way not only will encouragement be given to larger families, but sufficient capital will be left the heir to enable him to carry on his father's business. Were that reform adopted, the death of a territorial magnate, or a captain of industry, would not have the damaging effect upon the enterprises with which they are connected that it too often has to-day.

If the steady fall in the birth rate is to be arrested, potential parents must be made to feel that their children will have a reasonable chance of making their way in the world. Since this country is crowded, a programme of Empire settlement should be encouraged, and the dole should be utilized, not to supply ne'er-do-wells with beer at the expense of their country, but to put young men and women to work overseas. The first lesson of the Census is to warn us of the need to think Imperially; that is to say, to regard the Empire as a whole, and to get rid of the idea that if a man cannot find work at home he must be kept by the State because he refuses to take his chance in the Dominions or the Colonies. The duty of British statesmen during the next twenty years is to impress upon the people of these islands the duty of breeding for export, and to make such arrangements with the Governments of the Dominions and Colonies as will ensure the latter welcoming British immigrants to their shores.

Finally, we must look forward rather than back. No doubt the Census does disclose the existence of most of the factors that brought down Imperial Rome, but this should serve as a warning, and not as an excuse for inaction and the spirit of fatalism. The Roman Empire fell because its citizens were too lazy, and its rulers too short-sighted, to combat the disruptive forces which were at work. Let us profit by, rather than follow, their example.

IS THE INDIAN BOYCOTT A CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY?

By HUGH MOLSON

WHETHER or not it is politically wise for the Government of India to tolerate the boycott of British goods and of British managed mills in India, it is important to realize that in some of its manifestations it amounts to a conspiracy actionable in civil law and indictable in criminal law.

Section 120A of the Indian Penal Code provides:

When two or more persons agree to do or cause to be done—(1) an illegal act. . . . such an agreement is designated a criminal conspiracy.

Turning to Section 43 we find:

The word illegal is applicable to everything which is an offence or which is prohibited by law or which furnishes ground for a civil action.

Therefore, if the agreement between large numbers of people to abstain from dealing with "black-listed" mills, shops and merchants amounts to an actionable conspiracy, it constitutes also a criminal conspiracy.

The law of torts or civil wrongs in India follows generally the law in England, and, since the case of *Sorrell v. Smith*, there is no doubt as to what is the English law on this point.

The law allows very great latitude to agreements by which a number of trade competitors endeavoured to influence customers or clients to come to them instead of going to their rivals. In *Mogul Steamship Co. v. McGregor, Gow & Co.* (1892 A.C. 25) the defendants had caused loss to the plaintiff by compelling

certain merchants to cease acting as his agents by threatening that if they continued to do so the agency of the defendant association would be taken away from them. The House of Lords held that this was a legitimate form of business competition.

On the other hand, in *Quinn v. Leatham* (1901 A.C. 495) the decision was different. The plaintiff was a butcher who had a dispute with the trade union of which the defendants were officials because of the employment of men who did not belong to the union. When the plaintiff refused to dismiss these men at the defendants' request, they compelled the plaintiff's principal customer to cease dealing with him by threatening to call out on strike that customer's workmen. The House of Lords held that this amounted to an actionable conspiracy.

In the important case of *Sorrell v. Smith* (1925 A.C. 700), Lord Cave lays down the principles upon which these cases were decided:

From these authorities, which I have carefully read and considered, I deduce . . . two propositions of law, which may be stated as follows:

(1) A combination of two or more persons wilfully to injure a man in his trade is unlawful and, if it results in damage to him, is actionable.

(2) If the real purpose of the combination is, not to injure another, but to forward or defend the trade of those who enter into it, there no wrong is committed and no action will lie, although damage to another ensues.

Moralists may be disposed to ask why the law should regard the avarice of a trade rival as a legitimate motive for a combination, while regarding malice or spite as illegitimate. That is now, however, the undoubted law, and certainly with regard to the

Indian boycott, it proves to be a satisfactory touchstone. In so far as the boycott is genuinely directed to the encouragement of Swadeshi industries, it is a form of legitimate trade competition; if it is intended to injure British trade or to coerce the Government or British commerce for political reasons, it is an actionable conspiracy and a criminal conspiracy. Everyone taking part is liable in a civil action for damages at the suit of any injured party; and, similarly, everyone is equally liable on a conviction at criminal law to "imprisonment of either description for a term not exceeding six months, or with fine or with both." (Indian Penal Code, Section 120 B (2).)

The purpose of this article has been to show the illegality of the boycott for political purposes, even when strictly peaceful. That the boycott had had such a motive was admitted by Mr. Gandhi in his agreement with Lord Irwin; that it is still largely political and racial was proved in an article in this REVIEW on July 4.

It may be added that even had the boycott always remained legal under the rule in *Quinn v. Leatham*, the methods adopted would frequently have brought those responsible under Section 503 of the Indian Penal Code:

Whoever threatens another with any injury to his person, reputation or property, or to the person or reputation of anyone in whom that person is interested, with intent to cause alarm to that person, or to cause that person to do any act which he is not legally bound to do, or not to do any act which that person is legally entitled to do, as the means of avoiding the execution of such threat, commits criminal intimidation.

ON VISITING THE CAMBRIDGE UNION

BY REGINALD BERKELEY

THE other day—in default of some distinguished personage—I went to debate in the Cambridge Union. It was my first experience of that kind of thing; and the pleasant functionary who met me struck an initial note of awe by the assurance that the debating chamber was an exact replica of the House of Commons. As I happen to have first-hand experience of the difficulty of speaking even intelligibly, leave alone intelligently, in the House, I dined with an abstemiousness altogether rare, anticipating the worst. My fellow orators, light-hearted fellows, the President of the Union, an Oxford Don, and the mercurial son of a mercurial statesman, denied themselves nothing. The talk went gaily on, the wine went gaily round, and after a bit I began to wonder whether their heads must not be doing the same. Came coffee, came cigars, came the warning glance and whispered injunctions of the pleasant functionary, and the President said it was time to begin. We trooped down, the Committee (the Front Benches, as you might say) and the proposers and opposers of the motion. The new President was installed in the Chair, and the ex-President, now proposer of the motion, sought to convince Cambridge that this House had no longer any faith in youthful idealism.

The speeches and the result matter not; but the subject, for me, had an additional interest from the fact that the very existence of the Union seemed at variance with the terms of the motion. For what is it to meet every so often, unpaid, and debate the affairs of the nation, but a kind of idealism—a voluntary dedication to public life? I fell to wondering about the past members who had made the Union their stepping-stone to the career of politics—the generations of undergraduates who had come to that chamber, seeing themselves secretly as Ministers

of the Crown, and even First Lords of the Treasury. Of men of mark in our times I could only recall Arthur James Balfour and Austen Chamberlain—neither of whom, so far as I know, held office in the Union, though the Chamberlain of those days was a Radical if not a Republican. (Was it not he who carried a motion to abolish the House of Lords?) Did he see himself in those days, for his father was just on the way to become a Conservative leader, and had by then reached the half-way house of Liberal Unionism, did he see himself (I wondered) leading the popular forces to the barricades, or at the least, triumphing at the head of the people, a terror to crowned heads and their helots? Soon, very soon, he was to enter Parliament, as a shy young Tory member. Soon enough he was to sit on the Front Bench as Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer—and good-bye to his youthful idealism, swallowed up in practical politics.

And what, I demanded of myself, what manner of undergraduate was Arthur Balfour? Tall, I supposed; slim, debonair, with perhaps, even in those days, the trick of catching at the lapels of his coat as he leant forward, gracefully, to emphasize his points. And was he then so exquisitely exact in expressing his meaning? And had he that air of thinking aloud, using a word, fastidiously rejecting it, and substituting another? The childlike innocence of his eyes he must have possessed, for he kept that to the end of his life.

And by way of these two, it was inevitable to think of William Pitt—though there was no Union in his day. Whereby I fell to wondering how and in what place he might have learnt the arts of that oratory which made Burke cry out with delight over his maiden speech: "It's not a chip of the old block; it's the old block himself." Macaulay tells us that

Pitt's grasp of affairs and breadth of knowledge at the age of fourteen were such as to stump the statesmen of the day and even astonish that hard-bitten Charles James Fox. Was William Pitt, then, a veritable prodigy, or were the standards definitely lower? As I listened to the mercurial son of the mercurial statesman, a charming lad, in whom, however, it seemed that wisdom, as yet, was not, I found myself pondering more and more on the mystery of William Pitt. Could that adolescent genius have been purely natural; or was it the product of the lamp, and even the product of someone else's lamp, the devilling of some unrecorded "ghost"? My latter-day Pitt proceeded with his agreeable smile and a certain transatlantic emphasis that called later from the Oxford Don the plaintive cry, "I feel like a tub after it has been thumped!" I cannot truthfully say that he argued, though he had some happy phrases, and one piece of sheer audacious wit that took away not only my breath, but that of the person at whom it was aimed. But I could not see him, with all his endowment of intelligence and charm, so much as making his way into the House of Commons, without years of preparation, still less making his mark when he got there.

And that made me wonder whether F. E. Smith, were he now to come into politics as a young man, would rise in one day on the merit of the speech that made his name, into eminence in the House of Commons. I heard many maiden speeches in the Parliaments of 1922 and 1923; and some of them were fine speeches, one at least a brilliant speech. Not one of those who delivered them has yet made a great Parliamentary name. Yet the standard of Parliamentary speaking has not grown higher; it is definitely less.

From which it seemed to me that nowadays it matters much more what a man says or writes than how he says or writes it. We are grown critical of matter and slipshod of manner: a pity the latter, for why not aim at perfection in both—to which it seemed to me that my Oxford Don, Lord David Cecil, went nearer than many. Whereby I came to ponder the niceties of public speech.

This matter of public speaking is important, and neglected. Party hackery is, perhaps, the worst train-

ing; but the practice in the universities could be much improved. It lacks bowels. It is formalistic, stilted and out of date. People nowadays become irritated if they are called on to listen to clever speeches bristling with the verbal counterfeit known as epigrams. Good honest horseplay the public loves, and shrewd hits at an opponent, soundly combating his arguments. But mere felicities (which, indeed, are most often infelicities) achieved by neatly perverting some household phrase, as who should say "Sophistication is the thief of time," are a crying waste of ingenuity. Such, however, would seem to be the main standard set in the universities for the example of youth.

I beg that university debaters may reconsider this matter. They will else have much unlearning to do before they can take that effective part in national affairs for which they are equipped. For they have knowledge and to spare; enthusiasm; a healthy empirical attitude towards political science; and, in private talk, a pleasant freedom from cocksureness and youthful prejudice. A pity to handicap themselves by the affectation of a style of speech, gorge-raising to all who favour sincerity in expression.

By now it was time for my own attempt, on which it skills not to remark. For those who have spoken in the House of Commons I would say that the Union is an infinitely easier auditorium; nor is it an exact replica, lacking the gangway, the benches below it, and the cross benches. Moreover, the President, who is the Speaker, calls to order with a bell! Oh, shades of Lenthal, Lowther, Gully, Brand. A bell! And no rich reproachful accents: "Order, Order." This is in the tradition of mere Continental Assemblies, not the House of Commons!

As for the members—why should I deny that they seemed to me a remarkably intelligent lot, as they trooped into the division lobby to defeat the motion against which I had spoken? So ended the debate: though keen discussion continued in the Committee Room till nearly midnight, whereon it fell adjourned till breakfast time. If the dinner had been good, the breakfast was a miracle—prolonged for nearly two hours in a jollity of good talk.

Yes. I enjoyed my visit to the Cambridge Union.

BOSWELLIANA—I

BY SHANE LESLIE

THE great dead of literature cannot complain in these days of their posthumous honours. Boswell was of little account in his day, but every item and scrap in his life is now regarded as immensely valuable. His final biography must be within reach of whoever is fated to write the Life of the greatest Life-writer. Several lovers of Boswell have been at immense pains to make this possible. In the first place, Colonel Isham discovered the Boswell Papers in an Irish Castle, purchased them for an immense sum and set to work with chemicals to remove the obliterations which had been left by an early and amateurish form of Irish censorship. Geoffrey Scott was then employed to edit the papers, which he proceeded to do amid the breathless interest and expectation of the literary world until he died in the traces. Meantime there were rumours of new Johnsoniana. A great Boswellian scholar has risen to

take his place. Printers have done their meritorious share, and now we are confronted with Volumes X to XII, and their heavy price does not seem too much.* The limited edition can hardly be repeated, and as the text stands it is far from fit for a popular edition.

These are a continuation of Boswell's rough diaries, much of which he used as a quarry, when he was constructing that monument which for ever crowns his grave and Johnson's. He had been engaged busily and fiercely in saving the life of John Reid, condemned to death for sheep stealing. At his first trial Boswell secured his acquittal, and it seems to be a mystery of Scotch law that the wretched man was tried again and finally executed. As a last effort Boswell wrote a strong letter anonymously to the London Press, which was published too late to save the sufferer, and only served to draw a challenge on Boswell from the son of the Lord Justice Clerk, a fiery youth who was to survive fabulously until 1846 as Lord Glenlee. Of this old veteran Mr. Scott wrote: "He was born in the year that Johnson's Dictionary came out, and before he died he

* Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle. In the Collection of Lieut.-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham. Prepared for the Press by Geoffrey Scott and Frederick Pottle. Volumes X, XI, XII. Privately printed.

could have read 'Locksley Hall.' As he sat, old and frail and deaf, in his robes in the Parliament House, did he ever recall how nearly seventy years before he had challenged the biographer of Johnson to a duel?"

It is interesting as showing the dangers attendant once on legal and literary life, that on no fewer than seven occasions Boswell became involved in the preliminaries of a duel, but managed on each occasion to extricate himself without a bodily scuffle. "Hence the many pages in his Journal devoted to reflections on duelling; hence the conversations on duelling in the 'Life of Johnson' and the 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.'" But a strange posthumous Nemesis came to Boswell's timidity, for his son Alexander was actually, though accidentally, killed in a duel. The slayer was afterwards tried and acquitted, his counsel triumphantly reading out all the relevant passages concerning the duelling practice from his father's 'Life of Johnson.'

It is seldom that, when a classic has been once shelved, so much circumstantial material should be unearthed. The antiquarian has come to the assistance of the editor. Irish archives have yielded up a unique Scotch character. One interesting result of this plethora of papers thrown upon the world is that we can now displace the famous caricature of a fussy scribe running after every crumb that fell from the great lexicographer's table. It was not the 'Life of Johnson' he was contemplating so eagerly so much as the biography of Boswell himself. He was far more puffed by himself than swollen with Johnsoniana. "My avidity to put as much as possible into a day makes me fill it till it is like to burst." So we have this journal, the original matrix, out of which the great biography was formed, the pearl of great price.

It is curious to read of the domestic qualms which hovered over the Boswells at the threat of a duel. Boswell thought it out sensibly. "And indeed it is a kind of principle or resolution which I have long held, though with some dubiety, that a man is as well entitled to deny an anonymous publication as to say that he is engaged when asked to a house where he does not chuse to be or to make his servant say that he is not at home when he does not chuse to be seen. The difference, however, is that a man who thinks himself hurt by an anonymous publication has perhaps a right to ask a man suspected of it if the suspicion be true, and though one may make his servant say he is not at home to an ordinary visitor, it would not be well to do so to a gentleman who calls upon him for satisfaction."

Another interesting entry shows that for a time Boswell, like Gibbon, was a Catholic. At the Burgh Elections he was much troubled by having to take the oath against Roman doctrines. "But then I considered what an appearance my refusal of it would have in the House of Commons; and besides that the fact of my having once embraced the Romish faith might be brought out. I dressed myself in my crimson and silver suit. Resolved to be as thoughtless as a young officer going into a battle, breakfasted well, took a dram of brandy after it." Whether he left the Faith or not, he was always running to Mass. Catholicism did not kill his Calvinism.

Sometimes he discusses his melancholy based on Predestination. December 15, 1774: "I cannot help thinking an absolute contradiction, for if it is certainly foreknown that I am to be at the Play to-morrow, then it is certain I am to be there; and if it is certain I am to be there, then I cannot have a liberty either to be there or not. Montesquieu in one of his 'Lettres Persanes' made it clear to me in 1769. But to meditate on it makes me melancholy. I was quite sober to-day."

Boswell was a feudalist, and when he had troubles with his father about the settling of the estate, "I

swore to my father that if the estate was fixed on heirs whatsoever, I would cut my throat and one [sic] in Winter, 1769, when with a piece of the old castle in my hand I knelt upon the ruins and swore that if any man had the estate in exclusion of the rightful heir this stone should swim in his heart's blood."

He read the Apocrypha—"the Oriental style always gives me a kind of Asiatic tranquillity." Later at the play he tells us, "I could not help indulging Asiatic ideas as I viewed such a number of pretty women." He indulges in argument whether a fish-monger can be a gentleman, and cites Jonah in the whale. "This produced a loud laugh. I was vexed that I had brought in a story from Scripture ludicrously." Macpherson's Ossian was the debate of the Highlands. Boswell met David Hume, who agreed with Johnson that if "fifty — Highlanders said Fingal was an ancient Poem he would not believe them . . . I told him Mr. Johnson's saying that he could undertake to write an Epick Poem on the story of Robin Hood which the half of the people of England should say they had heard in their youth." This Hume denied.

Boswell and Mrs. Boswell's relations were curious. March 8, 1775: "She was all that I could wish except being averse to hymeneal rites. I told her I must have a concubine. She said I might go to whom I pleased . . . I was not clear, for though Our Saviour did not prohibit concubinage, yet the strain of the N.T. seems to be against it and the Church has understood it so . . . I was not satisfied while in this loose state of speculation. I thought this was not like Isaac Walton or Dr. Donne. But then the Patriarchs and even the O.T. men who went to Harlots were devout." On this lamentable reasoning Boswell constantly acted.

Beauclerk once said that Johnson was irreligious. "He was with him three Sundays and never once went. One Sunday he went and lay on a tombstone in the Church yard and was in that posture when the people came out of Church. Beauclerk said to him he was like Hogarth's Idle Apprentice."

However, later he confessed that these arguments ceased to appear plausible.

The famous Johnsonian discursus on Swift duly appears. On March 30, 1775, Mr. Thomas Davies, "to account for Mr. Johnson's perpetual hostility to Swift, told me George Faulkner said to him that Johnson had applied to Swift to get him made Master of Arts. That Swift informed him that it was not in his power, but that Johnson still thought it was."

Boswell discussed "plurality of women" with the Hon. Mrs. Stuart, who "found fault with Lord Pembroke for going to other women when it made My Lady uneasy. 'There,' said she, 'is the crime, to do what gives another pain.'" Soon afterwards five pages of the MSS. were torn out. They were too much for somebody.

Later occur some very coarse anecdotes, which we cannot quote, but it is a matter of pleasure that the new editor considers they do not support the late Mr. Scott's charge that Johnson employed obscenity while denying it to others. Boswell never heard Johnson use these stories. "Murphy said that Garrick could lead him on to speak the plainest bawdy as thus . . ." But, as Johnson said, you never can quite believe Murphy. Johnson used plain but never disgusting talk, and all Johnsonians will be grateful to Mr. Pottle for having cleared this point.

There is a long and interesting passage (April 7, 1775) about Sheridan's friction with Johnson: "He said Johnson discovered a black heart when he said it was time for him to give up his pension when Sheridan got one for that he had been the person chiefly instrumental in procuring Johnson his pen-

sion . . . Sheridan said he was the man employed to announce to Johnson that a pension was intended for him and he painted him very well, rolling in the greatest agitation and at last saying: 'If the chief magistrate of this great Nation chuses to honour me with a pension I should be a fool to refuse it.' I told Mr. Sheridan this was very odd, for that Murphy assured me he was the man employed to communicate it."

Langton told me he said, when they were in the coach, "When Boswell gets wine, his conversation consists all of questions."

After Boswell had bought his wife some fine lace, Johnson said, "No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is drest as well as other people, and a wife is pleased that she is drest."

(To be concluded.)

GLAND GRAFTING

By SERGE VORONOFF

MY first book on the rejuvenation of men by grafting of monkey glands appeared about fifteen years ago, and my theory aroused keen interest, but at the same time active opposition from the official representatives of science. Since then the whole matter has been thoroughly thrashed out, and my collaborators and I have carried out more than two thousand operations. I feel it is now time to review the past and hazard a peep into the future.



Professor Voronoff and his assistant in the Laboratory of the "Monkey Farm" near Mentone.

operations, foremost among which are those effected in order to prevent precocious old age between fifty-five and seventy years. The symptoms of precocious old age are a diminution of physical strength, power of work and intelligence. Out of 236 operations of this kind, we have succeeded 146 times in putting off the symptoms of senility for five or six years. We have also increased the person's power of work and obtained results generally known under the name of rejuvenation. In 67 cases the effect lasted only three or four years. Finally, in 23 cases the desired result was not obtained. In other words, about 90 per cent of our operations have been successful, 10 per cent. failures.

Second among rejuvenation operations are those performed upon the same person five or six years after the first, between the ages of sixty-five and seventy. We have had 42 cases of this kind under our observation, and in 23 the second operation resulted in further results extending over a period of from five to six years. In 15 cases results were obtained lasting for three or four years, and the operation was a failure only in 4 cases.

Statistics, however, are poor instruments indeed to convey an accurate picture of our operations. It should be remembered that often we lose contact with the subjects, and observation is very difficult to maintain.

The rejuvenating operation is not, it is true, a miracle capable of bringing back youth in the twinkling of an eye to decrepit mankind. Nevertheless, grafting can certainly prevent the more painful manifestations of old

I have had, it is true, several precursors in experiments with the grafting of glands. Many of them failed. My own operation technique is the best of its kind extant to-day. I analysed this technique at great length in my early days, testing and testing again, and since then have put it into practice many times before doctors who came from all parts of the world to study my methods. On my tours throughout the world I was asked to give frequent demonstrations for the most varied medical institutions. Nowadays, in addition to Paris and the principal French towns, my method is used by first-class surgeons in Algiers, Turin, Genoa, Chicago, London, San Francisco, Buenos Aires, Alexandria, Vienna, Hanoi, and many other leading cities.

It is an unfortunate fact that the enthusiastic reception of my discovery has led many people to expect the most amazing miracles to result from my operations. As medical practice could not justify these exaggerated hopes, disappointment succeeded enthusiasm, and then came distrust of the results of the operation. That is why I have recently published a book, in collaboration with my assistant and colleague, Dr. Georges Alexandrescu, describing observed cases operated by us in the last ten years. In this work we give the results obtained by 475 grafts of very varied character.

Our work is not confined to grafting glands for the purpose of rejuvenation only. Grafting opens up wide possibilities as a method of curing the innumerable ills to which mankind is subject and enables modern surgery to obtain some exceptionally good results. The majority of my cases, however, have been rejuvenation



One of M. Voronoff's assistants with a pet monkey at Voronoff's "Monkey Farm."

age and often precocious senility for several years. Besides, when its effect begins to diminish, the operation may be repeated successfully several times (at least three). A graft that can bring back to the patient keenness and capacity to work is of inestimable value to mankind, especially if it can prolong the creative power of artists, thinkers and writers for many years.

A few years ago I began to practise gland transference on animals. This may be of immense value, especially for stock-raising. For instance, only a few years ago certain gland experiments were made in Algeria on sheep. The results showed an improvement of 33 per cent. in the production of meat and wool.

One of my most discussed experiments of this kind was the rejuvenation of a racehorse named Don Zuniga, which a few years ago, after being rejuvenated, came in first in the Auteuil steeplechase. In Asia, the cattle are in great need of improvement. There is a considerable lack of beasts of burden and draught animals. In these immense countries often nothing can be found but rickshaws and men-carriers in default of good animals. The Governments of British India and Indo-China are doing all in their power to find a remedy for this almost catastrophic dearth of animals. Among other things, the importation of beasts of

burden from Australia has been tried, but without success, for the imported animals could not stand the change of climate, degenerated, and in a few years lost their reproductive powers. These Governments, therefore, thought of experimenting with my system of gland grafting, which had been so successful in Algeria by improving the race of sheep. The method consists in transplanting the glands of young and vigorous animals to old breeding stock. After repeating this operation on several generations, we succeeded in obtaining breeders of a higher quality and stronger and more powerful than the originals.

During my visit to the Far East, I travelled through Tonking, Cambodia, Cochinchina and Annam, and demonstrated my methods in several places.

I was agreeably surprised to find on the shelves of the bookshops in the principal Hindu towns a Hindu translation of my books. The Hindu doctors, with whom I talked, had a perfect knowledge of my operative methods through their reading. They had themselves discovered several interesting improvements which they explained to me in a most learned fashion. So does the knowledge spread, and so the work goes on. The Elixir of Life may not prove such a fantastic dream after all.

THE TWILIGHT OF ART

BY PIETRO MASCAGNI

FOR the present the best that an artist can do is to live quietly and await the change of events. Creative and artistic work serves no purpose nowadays, for nobody cares for real art and intellectual creation. To-day, people are only interested in sport, which is no longer a recreation, but has become a mania. The jazz band is but the symptom of this state of mind; it is what one might describe as the intrusion of sport in the realm of music. Although I am not surprised that it has become so popular, nevertheless I am perturbed to see erstwhile admirers of real art now applauding this absurd development of music.

Without a doubt the jazz band and the exaggeration of sport are symptoms of human degeneration. Nevertheless, I like to be an optimist, and hope that sooner or later humanity will recognize the difference between what is a masterpiece and what is spurious.

The fault of modern art is that it is extremely chaotic; and this applies to the whole of our so-called "modern civilization." Literature and art cannot exist on intellectual speculation and mental activity alone, for the foundation of all art and literature has always been, and will always be, based on the heart and the emotions. Now, there is no doubt that so-called modern art is always making its appeal to the brain and not to the heart. The clearest proof of this fact is that modern art is regarded as the most efficient medium of political propaganda, while the modern artist not only recognizes such propaganda, but declares it to be the essential of all modern literature and art.

Art has lost touch with the emotions and forgotten its national character. Yet these two factors are the real fundamentals of all valuable creative work.

This is a delicate problem, of which it is difficult to hazard a solution. But it is a good sign that not only the older artists but also some of the younger school are beginning to admit that something must be done if we wish to save the best of what is known as Western civilization. It is a very great pity that at the present moment when we are passing through such a critical epoch we should lack a leading genius who could show us the right path.

There was such a crisis in the last century, too, but then came Richard Wagner and the problem was solved. I am always declaring that our cultural renaissance will only take place when another Richard Wagner arises. Then the jazz band will die a natural death.

We not only need new great composers, but also artists. We require a new Caruso—or, at least, somebody who could be compared with him. Lauri Volpi and Beniamino Gigli are certainly very great artists, but they are not on the level of Caruso. As regards women singers, neither Maria Jeritza nor Galli Curci, who are regarded as pre-eminent, have had any great success in Italy—in a country, that is, which is very critical of the distinction and difference between a mere artist and a real genius. For the same reasons that there are no great composers there are also no really outstanding artists.

Much is being said nowadays about the crisis of the modern theatre. I am told that people do not like plays and operas. Why? The explanation is quite simple. Humanity has been enslaved by the screen and by the wireless. I know people who formerly would attend a dozen or more presentations of the same opera. Nowadays these same people, if they are lovers of music, go once to the opera and afterwards listen to the music over the wireless. This tendency is more dangerous in respect of the film. To-day people demand exaggerated movements, extraordinary or fantastical happenings and exotic stories. They get all this at the cinema theatre, for the possibilities as regards space and time of the legitimate stage are much more limited.

Having said all this, it might be thought that I am an enemy of modern civilization and technical progress. This is far from being the case. As a modern man, I am happy and proud to see what has been accomplished during the past few years. How wonderful, for instance, is the wireless, which communicates ideas all over the world and succours the sinking ship or the aeroplane which has lost its way! But as regards music my opinion is quite different. Neither the wireless nor the talkies can satisfactorily record a real artistic performance. It is like the difference between earth and heaven to

hear a choir or an orchestra with and without the aid of a wireless apparatus. Wireless, in such circumstances, is not contributing much to the increase of musical education and culture. Of course, it is very useful for those who, for some reason or other, are not able personally to attend the concerts and operas; but this fact does not weigh very much in the balance.

The same can be said of the outlook in the other fields of cultural life. I see a tendency to degeneration and decadence everywhere; that the physical virtues have nowadays a great value, that athletes and sportsmen command greater respect than scientists and artists; these are arguments in support

of my statements. Those who defend the other point of view argue that it was the same at the time of the ancient Greeks, who were, nevertheless, highly civilized and possessed a very considerable culture. It is true, but in those times—in ancient Greece and Rome—the public applauded and cheered not only the athletes and sportsmen, but also the philosophers, the poets and the artists. To-day this is not the case.

But I have hope because I have confidence in humanity, and I am convinced that sooner or later the present outlook will change and art and artists will again receive the recognition that they had in "the good old times."

THE MAN WHO MISSED THE BUS

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS*

Being a brief exploration of the methods of the Book Society, whose choice for July is 'Humour and Fantasy,' an omnibus volume by F. Anstey, containing his novels 'Vice Versa,' 'Tinted Venus,' 'Fallen Idol,' 'Brass Bottle,' 'Talking Horse,' 'Salted Almonds.' It is published by John Murray at 8s. 6d.

THE scene is the Book Society's Headquarters, An immense room, dimly lit, with a table covered with papers in the middle. Jinks, the office boy, is the only occupant of the room. The telephone rings.

Voice: This is Mr. Hugh Walpole speaking. Is that Jinks? I'm terribly sorry, Jinks, but you must tell the other members of the Committee that I can't come to-day—

Jinks: They've all rung up and said they can't come neither, sir.

Mr. Walpole: Heavens! What are we to do?

Jinks: Well, sir, there's a new book just in which, speakin' personally, I—

Mr. Walpole (eagerly): Yes, yes, what is it?

Jinks tells him. Mr. Walpole is enchanted. He rings off. The following telephone conversations tell the rest of the story:

Mr. Walpole to Mr. J. B. Priestley.

Mr. Walpole: We've got to fix up something for July. I thought an omnibus—

Mr. Priestley (aghast): We haven't got to have an outing, have we?

Mr. Walpole: Don't be an idiot. This omnibus—

Mr. Priestley: I don't care what sort of omnibus it is. I shan't go. I hate omnibuses. They make me sick. I always had to go in omnibuses before I wrote 'The Good Companions'—(by the way, they've just brought out a snug little pocket edition in Basque)—and anyway, we'd all look fools—

Mr. Walpole: Will you listen? An omnibus volume by F. Anstey. I want to make it the Book of the Month.

Mr. Priestley: Anstey? Is he still alive? You must make sure he's alive.

Mr. Walpole: Of course he is. He's written a preface.

Mr. Priestley: That's no proof. However, you might ring him up and ask. What's the book got in it?

Mr. Walpole: All his best work.

Mr. Priestley: Such as?

Mr. Walpole: Oh—you know—they're household words.

Mr. Priestley: 'Household Words'? Ah, yes—I remember that one. Brilliant stuff. For sheer genius of characterization—m'yes. What else is in the volume?

Mr. Walpole (very rapidly): 'Brass Almonds,' 'Tinted Vice,' 'The Salted Venus,' 'The Fallen Bottle,' 'The Talking Idol'—

Mr. Priestley: O.K., Chief! (He rings off.)

Mr. Walpole to Miss Clemence Dane.

Miss Dane, when the telephone rang, was entirely surrounded by hydrangeas.

Miss Dane: Hell-oh!

Mr. Walpole: Don't swear at me, Clemence!

Miss Dane (clacking her tongue): I wasn't.

Mr. Walpole: You were. And even if you weren't, you will. It's about the book for July.

Miss Dane: Oh! (bored): Have you found anything?

Mr. Walpole: Yes. An omnibus volume by F. Anstey.

Miss Dane (vaguely): Dear F. Anstey!

Mr. Walpole: What did you say?

Miss Dane (sharply): I said "Dear F. Anstey."

Mr. Walpole: Why?

Miss Dane: Well—really—well, why should we make him the Book of the Month then?

Mr. Walpole: If you can suggest anything better—

Miss Dane (hastily): No—oh no—certainly not. I only wondered what was in the omnibus.

Mr. Walpole: Charming stuff. Very whimsical.

Miss Dane: Very what?

Mr. Walpole: HWIMSICAL. H for Harry, W for Waterloo—

Miss Dane: Ah, yes. It's time we had some whimsy. What did you say the names of the books were?

Mr. Walpole (very quickly): 'Vice and Venus,' 'Falling Almonds,' 'The Tinted Bottle,' 'The Salted Horse'—

Miss Dane: Heavenly! I know them all by heart. Thank you so much, dear Hugh. Good-bye!

Mr. Walpole to Mr. Swinnerton.

Mr. Swinnerton, when rung up, was smoking stinkers with the sort of expression usually reserved for Balkan Sobranies.

Mr. Walpole: That you, Swinnerton?

Mr. Swinnerton: Who else should it be? I'm not a best seller. I've not got forty-nine housemaids to answer the telephone, like Priestley. I've not—

Mr. Walpole: No, of course not. It's about the Book of the Month.

Mr. Swinnerton: Oh Lord—another one?

Mr. Walpole: Well, it's another month.

* Mr. Beverley Nichols discusses month by month the Book Society's choice.

Mr. Swinnerton: It seems like yesterday—still—have you found anything?

Mr. Walpole: Yes—there's an Anstey.

Mr. Swinnerton: Ah, yes—very promising.

Mr. Walpole (doubtfully): Well—

Mr. Swinnerton: I always said that young man would go far. What's the book?

Mr. Walpole: It isn't a book. It's six books.

Mr. Swinnerton: Good God! The energy of the modern generation—by the way, that's a good idea for an article—'Our Modern Dynamos'—six books—what are they called?

Mr. Walpole (gabbling): 'Tinted Horses,' 'The Almond and Idol,' 'Brass and Salt,' 'Vice and Venus'—

Mr. Swinnerton: That's the stuff to give the troops! They may shock our Kensington public, of course. 'Vice and Venus'—but still, I'm game. Good-bye.

Mr. Walpole to Miss Lynd.

Mr. Walpole: Listen, we've all decided to choose an Anstey omnibus this month—you remember Anstey—

Miss Lynd: Who?

Mr. Walpole: Anstey—our old friend F. Anstey.

Miss Lynd: 'E ain't no old friend of mine.

Mr. Walpole: Don't be facetious, my dear, please—

Miss Lynd: 'Oo's calling me my dear?

Mr. Walpole (with fierce cheerfulness): Yes—I feel the heat too—the omnibus contains, among other things, 'The Tinted Venus'—

Miss Lynd: Then I'm not goin' in the blasted thing.

Mr. Walpole: Sylvia!

Miss Lynd: An' don't call me Sylvia. I'm Lucy Lynd, I am, and I'm a respectable woman an' nobody's ever called me a tinted bleeding Venus—

Mr. Walpole cuts off. He is very pale. After a short interval he lifts the receiver with a trembling hand. He gets the real Miss Lynd.

Miss Lynd: Oh, I'm so glad you rang up. I've found a divine book.

Mr. Walpole: Indeed.

Miss Lynd: Don't bark at me. It's an omnibus by Anstey.

Mr. Walpole: But that's marvellous. It's what we all want to choose.

Miss Lynd: I'm so glad. I adore his 'Tinted Almonds,' don't you?

Mr. Walpole: Do you mean his 'Tinted Horse'?

Miss Lynd: No, dear, 'Tinted Almonds.'

Mr. Walpole: It's terrible of me, but I've got an accurate mind and I hate things being called by their wrong names. Its—

Mr. Walpole: 'Tinted Horse.'

Miss Lynd: 'Tinted Almonds.'

Miss Lynd (laughing artificially): Too amusing. Of course, I've known the book since I was a child.

Mr. Walpole (with clenched teeth): So have I. Also his 'Fallen Bottle.'

Miss Lynd: His 'Talking Bottle,' did you say?

Mr. Walpole: No, I did not. I said his 'Fallen Bottle.'

Miss Lynd (with infuriating calm): Dear me, that must be a new work. Of course, I've known his 'Talking Bottle' since I was a child.

Mr. Walpole (at the end of his tether): And judging by your conversation, it isn't the only sort of bottle you've known!

Miss Lynd (outraged): Mr. Walpole! (jogging receiver): Mr. Walpole! Mr. Walpole!

And it is on this angry cry, which must surely be echoing from the throats of many members of our august Society, that we will end.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY V—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

By DAVID OCKHAM

IF vituperation be a criterion of success in politics, Mr. Lloyd George is not a politician, but a statesman. The little Welsh attorney, the donor of ninepence for fourpence, the amateur of sunrises over Welsh hills, the father of the Limehouse school of oratory, has been more reviled, and has hit back harder in his turn, than any British Parliamentarian of his time. More even than Gladstone, whose advocacy of Home Rule for an Ireland that he largely misunderstood exposed him only to the attacks of political adversaries, while long before his death a large mass of his countrymen had, disregarding partisanship, canonized him as the Grand Old Man. Not so Mr. Lloyd George. He has been and is the target alike of the Carlton Club, of a large section of the Labour Party, which his support maintains in office at the time of writing, and of a not inconsiderable section of his own party. Indeed, his most embittered foes are within his own household.

This Manchester-born Welshman, whose rise to power and eminence has been as remarkable, if not so spectacular, as that of any pilgrim from log cabin to White House, is pre-eminently endowed with one quality lacking in most contemporary politicians, that of personality. He may be ignorant of geography, with results disastrous to a New Europe still intoxicated with the claptrap doctrine of self-determination; he may be completely ignorant of industry, commerce, and finance, while expounding the panacea of electrification in a Yellow (or is it a Green?) Book; his allusions to mangel-wurzels may

reveal scant knowledge of the agricultural industry for whose revival he has so great a solicitude; but behind these gaps in omniscience there is—or was—a force. But for the accident of history he might have been England's Mussolini. He might even have ante-dated the Italian dictatorship.

The Armistice saw Mr. Lloyd George at the height of his power and glory. He and an American college professor, whom his own countrymen promptly repudiated, were the saviours of humanity, the re-mappers of the new world of peace and plenty. On a mingled tide of patriotism, relief at the cessation of bloodshed, and the uncharted mass of the women's vote, Mr. Lloyd George floated into the apparently safe anchorage of post-war Premiership. Had he then resigned, or translated himself into the safe obscurity of the Upper House, his place in history might have been certain and assured.

I have two vivid personal recollections of the ex-Premier. The first, when as pre-war President of the Board of Trade in a Liberal administration, attired in an atrociously cut lavender frock-coat, and with thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, he blandly presided over the opening of a new tube railway. The second, after the Armistice, when in the Cabinet Room at Downing Street, with the mercurial Churchill unsuccessfully endeavouring to steal the limelight, he laboured to convince a sceptical group of journalists that the future of civilization depended on a new war with Turkey. Australia, remembering the flower of her young manhood whose bones enrich the soil of the Gallipoli Peninsula,

helped to put thumbs down to that new war to end war.

Between these two events, one everyday, one pregnant with tragedy, there was no change in the essential Lloyd George. There never will be a change in this Peter Pan of politics. That he has to-day no title to the halo with which certain of the devout still invest him, is due, among other causes, to his inherent inability to adapt himself to changed and

changing circumstances, a characteristic that may be a source of strength up to a point, but thereafter becomes a fatal weakness. The debacle of the Liberal Party is not the cause of his personal eclipse.

One tribute one must pay him. Even his most embittered political enemies cannot withhold a sneaking—almost an ungrudging—admiration for his courage and outspokenness. David Lloyd George is a bonny fighter.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

By R. W. K. EDWARDS

THE man in the corner of that third-class "smoker" facing me first attracted my attention by the unceremonious way in which he treated his own limbs.

He was grasping the window-strap with his right hand and administering it tawse-like with such severity upon his left knee that I smarted sympathetically. He nervously tied the strap into a hard knot and redoubled his blows with so much energy that his next-door neighbour, who seemed to be in some intimate relation with him, though in what capacity I could not understand, at length said, half jocularly:

"Well, Mr. Smith, you've given that leg of yours enough to last for a time, I think."

Mr. Smith seemed to recall himself. He dropped the strap and looked wearily out of the window. He was soon engaged, however, in cracking his fingers; and this he did as if each finger were a personal enemy, grinning as they creaked in their sockets with a semblance of satisfaction.

"One would think you had a grudge against your joints, Mr. Smith," said his neighbour at length.

Mr. Smith recalled himself again. "So I have, so I have," he uttered. "Not my joints, however, either," and relapsed into silence.

"This," I thought to myself (I am a bit of a philosopher), "is a human type, more common than one would think, though not often so pronounced. How many people are there in the world who can never rest unless they are flouting themselves? Who never take a holiday until it is a toil to do so? Never embrace liberty until there is no liberty in doing so? Who get on their own nerves and worry their own digestions, pinch their own flesh, and generally castigate themselves gratuitously?"

"Is my foot in your way at all?" asked Mr. Smith. "If it is, be good enough to kick it hard, will you—as hard as you like, and harder."

He spoke with furtive malevolence, and I felt him to be a startling variation of my newly found type; for, I remark, the people who carry on in this unnatural way to their own flesh and blood are usually mightily careful that no one else shall be the aggressor.

"Kick it hard just above the ankle," said Mr. Smith, leaning forward confidentially. "There's a nice, tender, fat place just there."

"Why, is your leg asleep?" I asked.

"Asleep! No, I wish it were; or rather, confound it, I wish it were dead. For 'In that sleep of death' I might get a wooden or cork one, which would be infinitely preferable to me, I do assure you. Stay still, carrion, do!" he added, punching with a flabby white fist the fat knee which was rocking gently sideways.

"If you have such an objection to your right leg," said I, "why don't you get it amputated?"

"Law doesn't allow it," he answered promptly. "I've been into all that, I can tell you. The law doesn't allow it, worse luck, or by now I should have a pair of good workable wooden legs, and Harris's

patent spring arms with knife and fork attachment. (Have you seen their catalogue?) If I could have a new steel spine inserted, I would do so. I'd rather have anything by reliable makers than the inferior goods that have been fixed on to me.

"Got up in such bad style, too," he continued, as I listened in wonderment. "Look at that hand, now. There's a white, pudgy, flabby lump of putty for you. No use, either. All I can get it to do is to write a disgusting commercial copper-plate. Even if I read a book, when I turn over the pages, up comes this brute of a thumb wanting to be licked."

He held his hand, which was certainly not an attractive one, out in front of him and scowled at it, suddenly letting it fall on the edge of the seat with a whack that must almost have broken his knuckles.

I looked at him. He had a pale, interesting face, with rather good features—classical features—not in keeping with the squat outlines of his figure. A quick nervous eye which roved restlessly about made it hard to watch his face for long. He soon caught my eye, and I found his glance quite pleasant. It was only when he thought anyone was looking at his limbs that he seemed to get uneasy and irritable; and as long as I regarded his head only he was pleased and affable.

"I wasn't always like this," he said rather piteously, I thought, and addressing me more privately. "I'll tell you all about it, if you like. I should think I might tell this gentleman," he said, turning to his neighbour.

"Certainly," said the latter, who was reading *Tit-Bits*, "if the gentleman can stand it."

"I wasn't always like this," he began again. "Look here."

He undid his tie and collar and exposed his throat. There was a vivid red scar going on, as far as I could see, right round to the back of his neck.

"Not a very good piece of joining, you think," he continued, as I started back. "Confoundedly too good for my purposes, however. These doctors are a bit too smart sometimes. Has it ever struck you what'll happen when they get so clever as to raise people from the dead. There'll be some funny things going on then. In my opinion raising from the dead is worse than murder. I ought to know. I've been practically raised from the dead."

"A man has the right to go with Death when he takes him by the arm, but your doctor claims the right to turn him back; soon a man will not be able to be at peace in his own grave without being tumbled out into this beastly world again, as I was. I will tell you."

"Not many years ago I was travelling on this very line of railway in an express train when an accident occurred. I had a great fondness for railway travelling at that time; in fact, the inside of a railway carriage was the thing most like a home to me. Not that my home was not what you would call on the average a happy one. My wife was pretty and sweet-tempered, and my three children

take after her. Nevertheless, I may tell you that death would have been a luxury to me—the only luxury of which I had not tasted. Don't think that I wasn't fond of my wife and children. No man can say that of me. But I was travelling for change and health's sake, as the doctors insisted on my doing, and I should have got sufficient change to last me permanently if these same doctors, dozens of whom, by the by, were in the same train, had not interfered.

"Opposite me, where you are sitting, was a fat, prosperous, well-contented-with-himself, commercial traveller. The bagman I always despise, and this man was of the most despicable type; his fat, round, pale, flabby, smug, smirking face was bad enough, but his body and limbs were worse. Look at mine and you will see what I mean. Did you ever see anything more disgusting than this round globular stomach, or these fat, quivering knees? Bah!

"Well, we were going along at about sixty miles an hour through a tunnel when suddenly there was a grinding noise. I was chucked forward and felt a sharp tingling sensation in my body; just then a piece of the wreckage ran into the commercial traveller's face, and that was all I knew.

"When I woke up—whether I ought to say *I* is a problem, for I really do think I've no right to any personal pronoun at all—I was in a hospital. 'Don't move your neck,' says a nurse. I put up my hand to feel, and it was wrapped in bandages. 'May I scratch my nose?' I said. I was allowed that luxury, but it struck me as I did so that there was something about the feel of my hand. I looked at it and made the discovery that it wasn't my hand at all. I looked at the other. They were a pair, certainly, but not mine; my hands before that accident were a thin, wiry, useful enough pair of hands; now I'd got a pair of doughy flappers such as you see here.

"It didn't take me long to ravel the whole matter out. Of course, no one could tell me the truth about it, but I managed to find it out by sheer thinking. I had felt my own body run through in a vital part by a spar of the carriage, and I had seen that commercial traveller's head as good as knocked off by another. Those confounded sawbones had taken us as we lay on the embankment, had neatly sawn off my head and joined it on to his body. Don't you tell me that it's impossible. There were dozens of them in that train to do it, and that's what they did. They didn't deny it when I taxed them with it. One of them laughed, the brute! Ever since then I've kept my counsel, except with a confidential friend such as you, and I rely on you not to mention it.

"I dare say you think it's an interesting problem, but the interest has long died out for me. What is my duty to this body I find myself tacked on to? Am I to give in to all its beastly tricks, or am I to discipline it after my own notions? I can tell you the duty towards your neighbour is a good deal harder to find out when you have his body to manage and only your own head to do it with. I can't even conscientiously commit suicide, however justifiable suicide may be. You see my life is a kind of partnership, and I can't withdraw from it without ruining the other member of the firm. My brains are my own, truly, and you may say I have a moral right to blow out my own brains; but it requires the other fellow's hand to do it, and what right have I to make him a murderer and a suicide at the same time?

"Sometimes I think I may in time get used to the arrangement. Having the head, you see I can in some way determine the conduct of my life; but it's pretty hard at times. The difficulty I've had in overcoming that beast's almost insuperable objections to a cold bath, for instance, are scarcely cred-

ible. Then he has a craving for rank beefsteak pudding and inferior whisky; the brute apparently was one who enjoyed the stupor of indigestion, but for my part it makes me almost mad.

"And they say I'm mad sometimes, these people round me. I should like to know what sort of a state of mind they'd be in if they occupied the position I do. I daren't see my wife and children. Some people were round inquiring the other day, but whether they were his or mine I can't say, and I dared not run the risk of facing the situation, so I sent to say I couldn't see them. I am going to run down to the place where I lived some day, just out of curiosity. I'm certain I shall find my gravestone up in the churchyard, and it will be a novel sensation reading my own epitaph. I wonder what they've said of me.

"No, I shan't go and see them. The truth is I don't care about them and don't want to. There may be some other fellow hanging about my house now, and why shouldn't he have his innings? Think it unnatural, do you? Don't be hard on me. I can tell you that, whatever poets may say, love in the main is a bodily affair, and whatever my feelings may have been I married my wife out of love and not from judgment. I'm not saying that my judgment didn't afterwards tacitly approve of my love, but the main attraction had gone, and it would pain my wife and give me no satisfaction if I went to look on her with eyes that were only critical, however admiring, and a heart that perhaps and probably is devoted to a frowsy barmaid, for I tell you my heart leaps up when I behold a siren at the bar, and I can lean over the counter with the best of them. Caught this right hand squeezing a barmaid's as she was giving me change the other day! She reciprocated the squeeze, but when she looked up at my face and saw the expression of superior disgust that I really felt at the whole proceeding, she dropped it with a scream, and another fellow at the bar called me names. I used to be good with my old fists, and I went for him; but of course my present limbs were no use, and I was sitting in a spittoon in two shakes.

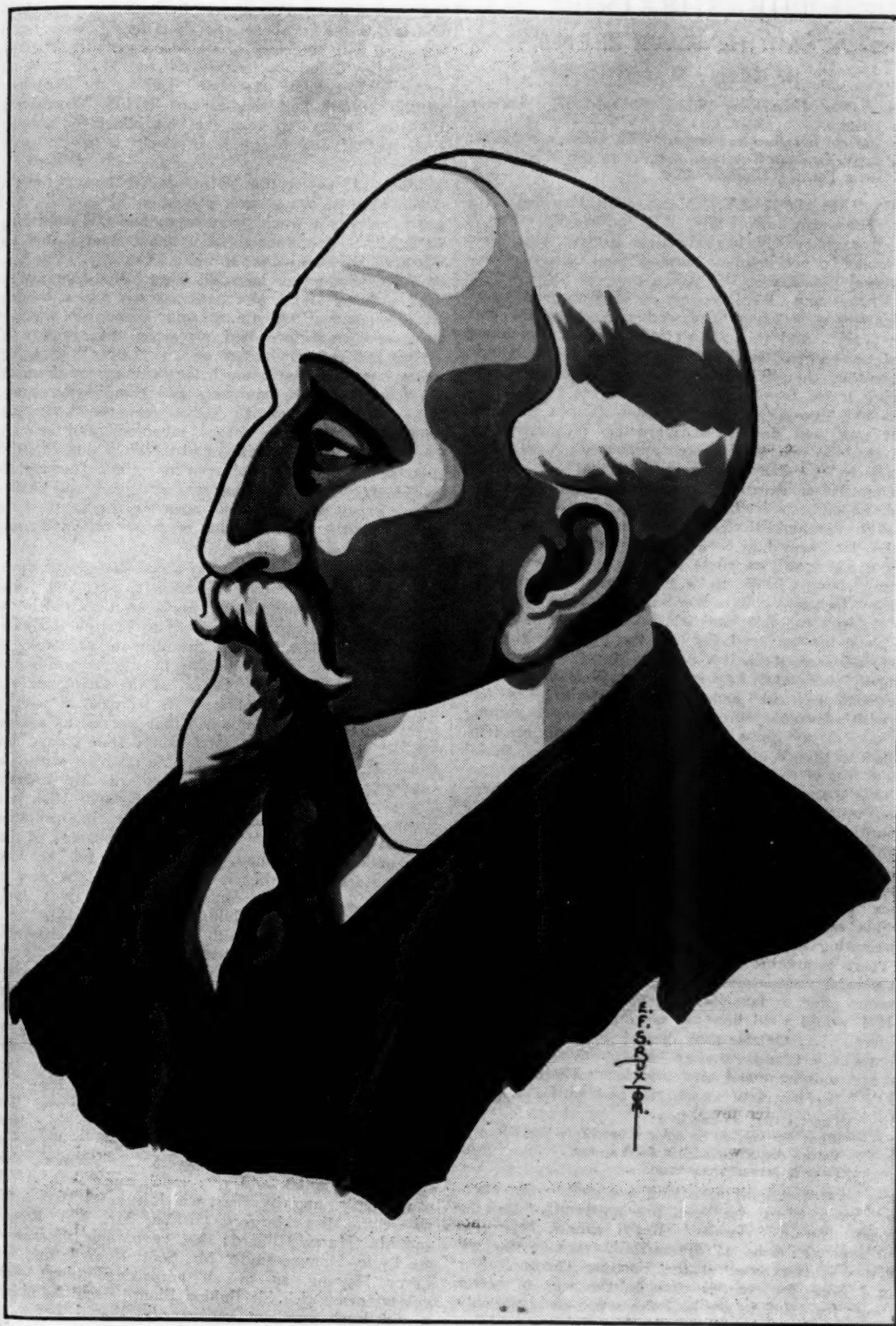
"Don't laugh, sir, for God's sake, or you'll set me off, for I've got a laugh in my body somewhere, a fat, gurgly thing that shakes my whole lungs and liver, and makes me half crazy to hear it. I sometimes curse my head and face, for if they weren't so confoundedly superior to the rest of me I shouldn't attract so much attention.

"The terrible thing about it is, I've a sort of feeling that I am waiting for something to happen, I don't know what. There is no possible solution to the problem, is there? I've written to the Lord Chancellor, who is a great friend of my old self, about it. He professes to have forgotten me. In all probability he's seen my death in the papers and thinks the writer is some impostor, and I'm not sure myself that he isn't.

"The moral of it all is, curse scientific skill when it's carried too far. There's a certain merit in finding out how to relieve human suffering, of course, but in many cases the finality and certainty of death would make a far better job of it than the precarious arrangements for prolonging a half-life that medicine often devises. Don't you agree with me? You'll excuse me if I go to sleep. It's the only luxury I have; it's so like—what I ought to be always."

He dropped off into a sound sleep.

"There's something in what he says, isn't there?" continued his neighbour to me. "Poor fellow! Not a bad sort, you know, but clean and hopelessly gone. I've often thought it's a pity he wasn't allowed to finish himself off when he did take the razor . . . But the law, you know, the law—oh, my goodness! It's a rum thing is the law."



LORD D'ABERNON

THE THEATRE

A "MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN"

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Measure for Measure, by William Shakespeare. Fortune Theatre.

The Piper, by Herbert Ferrers, and *The Fountain of Youth*, by W. Graham Robertson. Music by Alfred Reynolds. Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

DRAMATICALLY, 'Measure for Measure' is a comedy; historically, it is a tragedy. For it might easily have been a greater play than 'Hamlet'; yet it ranks among Shakespeare's least successful works.

All the same, I enjoyed my evening at the Fortune Theatre as I haven't enjoyed a Shakespeare play for years. And this wasn't just because the acting and production were unusually intelligent—though, of course, that helped it was more because I was seeing it for the first time, and if ever I read it, I had long ago forgotten it. I had no idea what the plot was, and the list of characters meant nothing to me. When the Duke appointed Angelo his "deputy," and Escalus remarked that "if any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is Lord Angelo," I was innocent enough to think that, for once in his career, Mr. Baliol Holloway had been cast to play a hero's part. His extravagant sternness in condemning the unfortunate young Claudio to death for an act of commonplace "lechery" was a warning that this hero might be riding for a fall; and when Isabella went to him to plead for her brother's life, the ironical nature of that fall seemed fairly obvious. But the scene prolonged itself, and Angelo maintained the justice of the sentence with such manifest sincerity—as well as with admirable logic—that I was already beginning to suspect my guess was wrong, when Angelo happened to glance at Isabella for the first time, and I knew it was right!

That glance of Mr. Holloway's spoke what Americans would call "a mouthful." But a gourmet's mouthful, not a gourmand's. It was enormously significant, yet finely reticent. All you could say was that Angelo had noticed Isabella, and the even flow of his perfectly courteous, but unrelenting, argument was interrupted. But only within him, only in his mind; and only momentarily. It was the unrelenting deputy who went on speaking.

There is another scene where unfamiliarity was of inestimable advantage. Angelo had made his infamous offer to Isabella, and she tells her brother: "If I would yield him my virginity, Thou might'st be freed . . . Or else thou diest to-morrow!" What answer will Claudio make? Well, the change from his first indignant and conventional: "Thou shalt not do't!" to his final desperate and pitiful appeal:

Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with a deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

must be intellectually satisfying and emotionally effective, even when the lines are as familiar as the Closet-scene in 'Hamlet.' But I cannot believe it will ever again be as dramatically exciting for me as it was last week at the Fortune Theatre. Nor can I hope for compensation in the way of better acting; for I fail to see how the scene could possibly be better played than it was by Mr. Sebastian Shaw. Indeed, his acting of this scene, coupled with Shakespeare's momentary forgetfulness that he was supposed to be writing a Comedy (i.e., a mere theatrical entertainment), capsized the play; and thereafter the cast had to do their best with a few stray lifebelts, many of them rotten with age or deprived of buoyancy with an overweight of plot.

I doubt if in future I shall stay for the second half of 'Measure for Measure.' There are moments of amusement in it. Pompey and Barnadine are good low-comedy. And for those who, like myself, were unacquainted with the story, there was a genuine dramatic thrill when Claudio's "reprieve" turned out to be an order for immediate execution. But for the most part of this second half Shakespeare is busy contriving gimcrack devices to keep the ship afloat for another hour or so, and to guide it safely to its "happy ending."

I began by saying that 'Measure for Measure' might easily have been a greater play than 'Hamlet.' And so, I believe, it would have been, had not something (it is idle to speculate about it) made it necessary for Shakespeare at this time to write a Comedy. For here in this story which he stole from Whetstone's play was a theme and a plot pre-eminently suited to that mood of cynical and misanthropic pessimism which a year or two before had produced the tragedy of 'Hamlet' and survived to give us 'Lear' some two years later. It was a much better story for dramatic treatment, a more compact, less complicated story, than the Hamlet legend. And Angelo, the "outward-sainted" puritan, was not less villainous, and far more hypocritical, than Claudius, and therefore a more striking and exemplary object for the playwright's cynicism. The whole thing was a "gift," and Shakespeare rejected it! He did even worse; he tried to make of it the one thing that no power on earth could make of it—a Comedy!

Apart from regrettably noisy scene-changes, the production was excellent. It was deft, airy, swift, and never underlined the villainy, nor sought (except in the scene I have already mentioned) to harrow the audience. Mr. Holloway made the ultimate pardoning of Angelo tolerable by emphasizing his dignity and honest puritanism. Mr. Henry Oscar, as the Duke, relieved the elaborate plot of much of its tediousness with a smile and a lightness of touch that warned us against taking it too seriously. Mr. James Dale's easy flippancy as Lucio was in admirable contrast with the emphatic and amusing clownery of Mr. Arthur Chesney's Pompey. As for the Isabella of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, her unspectacular interpretation seemed so suited to the cold self-righteousness of that detestable young woman, that if (as they tell me) Mrs. Siddons scored an histrionic triumph in the part of Isabella, I can only conclude that she was sadly deficient in artistic sensibility.

'The Fountain of Youth' is a jolly and enjoyable musical comedy, unpretentious either lyrically or musically, yet achieving a very much higher standard in both than is found in the ordinary West End song-and-dance show. It is not as witty or sophisticated as 'Tantivy Towers,' but it has what I regard as the more essential virtues of audible words and appropriate music. The tunes are simple and melodious (or "catchy"), the plot is full of amusing and ingenious surprises, and the dialogue is first-rate nonsense. The story concerns the farcical calamities resulting from the commercial exploitation of a magic well, whose waters have rejuvenating powers. It is more than competently acted, and very much more than merely competently sung, by a cast which includes Miss Nellie Briercliff, Miss Margery Hicklin, Mr. Roy Russell and Mr. Harry Hilliard; that unsparable veteran of the Lyric, Hammersmith, Mr. Scott Russell; and Mr. Percy Heming as—of all surprising things!—the vulgar, newly-rich Sir Bullion Blunt! And he played it with such excellent low-comedy that I began to suspect that the Mr. Percy Heming of Covent Garden must be another singer of the same name. At least, I might have, had he not redeemed 'The Piper' (which began the evening) with his glorious baritone. I can only describe 'The Piper' as a wholly successful attempt to transform Browning's lively and dramatic poem into a rather dull and undramatic opera.

THE FILMS

SOME FINE DIRECTION

BY MARK FORREST

Honour Among Lovers. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The Plaza.

Quick Millions. Directed by Rowland Brown. The Capitol.

THE new film at the Plaza is directed by Miss Arzner, at the moment the only woman director of real importance. Those who saw Ruth Chatterton in 'Sarah and Son' and 'Anybody's Woman' will be familiar with the polished direction of Miss Arzner, and 'Honour Among Lovers' is chiefly remarkable for that.

Miss Arzner has succeeded in getting the very best out of Claudette Colbert, one of the few screen actresses who have any distinction, Fredric March and Charles Ruggles. The background, too, is interesting and provocative throughout; unfortunately the same cannot be said of the story, which is neither good nor new.

The Americans are determined to flatter their thousands of stenographers, and we over here are becoming very used to the beautiful woman who, sitting, pad and pencil in hand, runs the office, and the managing director who has his name on the door, but is a lost man both at work and at play without the quick brain of his lady secretary. When that secretary is Claudette Colbert or Mary Astor, who played a similar part in a recent picture at the Leicester Square Cinema, one thinks how fortunate the managing directors on the pictures are, and wonders whether it would be possible to start life over again on Wall Street, where women are apparently all angels, and good-looking ones at that. This, however, is only the first phase of the story. The second is the one where managing directors, who apparently debauch themselves anywhere and with anyone except their lady secretaries, never marry these secretaries until they have allowed them to marry someone else first. These husbands whom the ladies choose are always drunkards, cads and embezzlers. They always embezzle the money of the managing directors who try to help them on because of the virtues of their former lady secretaries, and these latter invariably come to the managing directors pleading for their husbands to be let off and offering the usual recompense. The managing directors cover up the defalcations of their husbands, but refuse to take advantage of their generosity. The lady secretaries return to their drunken husbands with the money, and when the husbands become sober, they immediately jump to the conclusion that their wives have not got anything for nothing. The lady secretaries then call their husbands cads, slam the doors and go away for long sea voyages with the managing directors—an event which the husbands cannot stop because the managing directors know too much. So the rich men are being proved now to be real men, and champagne no longer runs in rivers over the carpets of private sitting-rooms—with bedrooms adjoining. That is the story of 'Honour Among Lovers'; it also served for 'Ten Cents a Dance,' recently shown with Barbara Stanwyck at the Capitol, and it has served and will serve for many other films.

Mr. Rowland Brown, whose previous work I do not know, directs the new picture at the Capitol. He has the right ideas, and 'Quick Millions,' a gangster story with a difference, is excellently done. The film is very well contrived, and there is not a moment when someone is not doing something which is not only exciting but interesting. New directors with ideas are few and far between on the screen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

A CENSUS PUZZLE

SIR,—What astonishes me about the Census is the small number of Scots—4,800,000 odd. Yet they manage to bully the 39,900,000 odd of England and Wales. How? Why?

I dare not sign my name, as you, Sir, may be Scot and I am

ONLY AN ENGLISHMAN

West Kensington

THE COST OF LIVING

SIR,—The article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of July 11, on 'The Cost of Living,' showing the way in which the commonwealth of England is being held up to ransom by the rapacity of middle-men, is illuminating. It would seem to indicate that there is something to be said for what I believe was one of the original tenets of Bolshevism: that the buying of an article (other perhaps than a newspaper article), with the intention of reselling it, is a crime worthy of death. When we approach our economic problems along some such line as this we may possibly arrive at some more sane system than the present one, which is rapidly becoming unendurable owing to the irresponsibility and anti-social tendencies of large and not very important sections of the community, who seem to think that they confer a favour on the nation by bleeding it white. They, of course, might argue that the remedy lies in our own hands; but that is precisely my point, and sooner or later the sufferers under the existing system, no longer restrained by the interest and desires of the fortunately placed, but impelled by the law of the survival of the fittest, will be driven to take direct action against those who stand between themselves and the necessities of life.

I am, etc.,

Otterhampton

NEWTON ROWE

'PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE'

SIR,—Mr. E. D. Martell—a name I greet with the proper reverence—would seem to have misread my whole aim. He concedes my point, "That's Wells, that was," but after admitting that "one is forced to agree that Mr. H. G. Wells has nothing more to say and should, therefore, remain silent," castigates me for my "solicitation" for the welfare of younger writers. If by "solicitation" Mr. Martell means "solicitude," I am unrepentant, but my suggestion that the older generation who have nothing more to say should make room for younger people who have, was only incidental. My thesis, as Mr. Martell will realize if he does me the honour of continuing to read me, is that of protest against the tendency to belaud present performance solely on the score of past reputation. I believe I am not alone in holding that view.

My age is of no interest to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, but may I set Mr. Martell's mind at ease by telling him that I am, unfortunately, well advanced beyond the span of life at which it is now fashionable to have written at least one autobiography?

I am, etc.,

Bark Place, W.2

DAVID OCKHAM

WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

SIR,—Your correspondent, Paul Trent, has certain misgivings on the subject appertaining to the definition of a true Liberal. As a Liberal I think I can enlighten him.

A true Liberal must be (a) an unrepentant Free Trader, (b) an inflexible advocate of Social Reform, and (c) a Democrat.

A Liberal differs from a Socialist in that he pursues a policy of a constructive nature—the elevation of all through the medium of education and a system of practical self-help; whereas the Socialist, in striving to effect a reversal of the existing social order, pursues a policy of a destructive nature. The Socialist is obsessed by class prejudice and inferiority complex. Thus, contrary to a recently acquired belief, Liberalism and Socialism are not one and the same thing.

That the Liberal Party should be divided on a particular issue is a matter that should not excite any considerable comment. To claim infallibility is not a Liberal aim, although a mighty endeavour is made to apprehend the truth. Human nature is still so far from attaining perfection that misunderstandings are bound to arise. Liberals, like the rest of mankind, have to contend with innate diversity of temperament. Co-ordination of these tendencies, in the interests of humanity, is a Liberal aim.

I am, etc.,

Mitcham

A. BLACKBURN

'LAGOONED IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS'

SIR,—Had your reviewer read my 'Lagooned in the Virgin Islands' a little more carefully, he would not have stated that "before Miss Eadie went to the Virgin Islands she read the subject up widely." Indeed a fortnight before I voyaged I had never even dreamed of the British Virgin Islands. Not being a stamp collector I had never heard that these enchanted islands were on the map. There appeared to be no books in circulation about them. On the voyage out all I could learn—from a geologist—was that no steamer called there, that they were unvisited save by earthquake and hurricane, and that I might have to sleep on the coral beach under a palm tree. It was only after being "lagooned" that I made extensive research in old libraries on both sides of the Atlantic about these little known treasure islands of buccaneer fame lost in the Caribbean Sea.

I am, etc.,

Oxford

HAZEL EADIE

THE EGYPTIAN PRESS PERSECUTION

SIR,—Mr. Reade's comments on Sidky Pasha's Press law are illuminating. One can only remark that there is no longer reason to be surprised at the mess that we are making of Oriental affairs when, apparently, intelligent people like Mr. Reade can write as he does.

It would seem that Mr. Reade imagines that democracy could, in any circumstances, be real and effective in Egypt or, for the matter of that, any Oriental country. A little experience of the Oriental peasant would convince him of his error. It may be true that Sidky Pasha's Parliament is packed, but so would any one else Pasha's Parliament. It may be true that Sidky Pasha's Government is, in fact, despotic, but so would any other conceivable Egyptian Government be. Extreme democracy in small and local affairs on the model of the Indian village panchayat, is native to the east, and workable, but the far more complicated system of central democracy is an alien importation, and so far has failed everywhere that it has been tried.

That being so, the Press must be muzzled by any Government that hopes to survive a week. For the Press, like democracy, is alien; it has neither tradition nor responsibility, it does not appeal, as in England, to the nation at large, but to small cliques of westernized politicians, for the most part disappointed

place-hunters. Such a Press will be restrained neither by decency nor honour from any extreme, and any sane ruler in the East will therefore restrain it by law, and restrain it severely. That Sidky Pasha has had the good sense to defy the Mr. Reades, and face the facts as they are, not as democratic theorists would like to pretend that they are, is one of the most hopeful things that have been heard of him. It means that he is a realist, unlike the average chattering feeble Oriental politician, who takes our own nuisance in India, Gandhi, as his model, and he may enable Egypt to recover from its overdose of democratic theory before he is assassinated by some noble democrat, for whom our democrats at home will no doubt express the utmost admiration. Meanwhile, if other Oriental countries are anything to judge by, Egypt will be able to console itself for the "monotonousness" of its muzzled Press by a distinct fall in the murder rate and a rise in the standard of public decency.

I am, etc.,

Bexhill

J. W. A. HUNT

PROSELYTISM AND PROTESTANTISM

SIR,—You will not, I am sure, mistake my questioning a hint in last week's "Notes of the Week" for an accusation. You suggest (though you hope not) that there may be intolerance on the part of the Vatican towards Protestants in Italy. I beg to be permitted to suggest in turn that it is proselytism, and not Protestantism, that has aggravated condemnation and objection. Similar interference is experienced in Ireland, which, like Italy, is nominally a Catholic country—not heathen. There is something, surely, to be said in justification for resentment on the part of the Vatican, that foreigners seek to dissuade and relax the loyalty of Italians to their Church.

Proselytism and the means by which it wins the allegiance of baptized Catholics is, I am prepared to believe, the cause of what is erroneously described as intolerance. There is something wanting in the minds of men who set out to teach Christianity to the Christians, or who build insolent edifices in the shadow of St. Peter's.

I am, etc.,

M. N.

THE BISHOPS AND DIVORCE

SIR,—The question of divorce has always been one of acute ecclesiastical controversy. The Greek Church and most Protestant Churches have always favoured reasonable divorce; so also did the Church of England from Queen Elizabeth till the Oxford Movement. Even a High Churchman like Dr. Johnson thought that an injured husband should obtain a divorce by Act of Parliament.

The first emergence to power of the Anglo-Catholic party was seen in the parliamentary debates of 1857, when opponents of Palmerston's Matrimonial Causes Bill, like Mr. Gladstone, maintained that the State should uphold the doctrine of indissoluble marriage as expressed in the Anglican marriage service, but not elsewhere in the Prayer Book, for marriage is never defined as a sacrament in the Thirty-nine Articles. The conflict of 1857 resulted in a compromise whereby the State stepped into the shoes of the Church and administered what was in principle Canon Law, except that divorce for adultery and certain other causes was forcibly fitted into the ecclesiastical structure.

Most members of the Church of England adhered to this compromise; but in the first decade of this century the feminists started to attack the inequality of adultery as above mentioned, while others like myself could not see why cruelty and desertion and long-standing separation by consent or otherwise should not be regarded as even more destructive of marriage than adultery. Moreover, it was clearly anoma-

lous that any Church should claim to legislate on Catholic lines for a majority of Protestants and non-Christians. This seems by now to have dawned upon the bishops, who are now advocating reform, but do not go quite far enough. For public opinion now demands the secularization of marriage. From the secular point of view marriage is a contract and not a sacrament. As a contract it should be dissoluble like other contracts, subject to certain safeguards, and adults who claim on grounds of natural justice to dissolve a marriage contract by consent should not be in the category of children who are to be punished for violating a sacrament, as they are under the existing law. Therefore, ultimately the doctrine of collusion must be scrapped.

I prophesied twenty years ago that the delay of reform would bring the law into contempt and create queer substitutes for marriage. To-day we have companionate marriage, and parents who cannot be married adopt their illegitimate issue under the Adoption Act. Further delay can only mean the further degradation of marriage, whether considered as a sacrament or a contract, for it plays into the hands of men and women who wish to confer respectability on temporary love affairs by temporary marriage, and who repudiate all sense of duty to the domestic hearth. The real victims of the English law get no relief from intolerable hardship, while those who offend against all ethical standards enjoy a licence which would not exist but for the general disrepute into which the law has fallen. It is this fact which obviously disgusts the judges in the divorce court, most of whom have from time to time denounced for years past the iniquities of the law which they have to administer.

I am, etc.,

E. S. P. HAYNES

INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—One or two of your correspondents have expressed the view that this discussion serves no useful purpose. That opinion is quite understandable, but I would reply that Papal Infallibility is a dogma of a great religious body: a body which is actively propagandist. Therefore, the subject needs thrashing out.

Nearly the whole of this correspondence has consisted of arguments as to whether this or that Roman pronouncement (e.g., the condemnation of Galileo) was infallible or not.

The question originally asked in the discussion, however, was whether anyone can give a list (guaranteed official) of Papal pronouncements which come under the 1870 "Infallibility" decree. The discussions, and differences of opinion, as to whether this or that pronouncement so comes or not, are interesting as showing the difficulty of making out such a list. I beg to draw attention to the fact that, long though this discussion has been, no one has even attempted to make out such a list or even to indicate where to find one. What, then, is the use of an Infallibility decree when we cannot find out what utterances are infallible?

I am, etc.,

J. W. POYNTER

Highbury, N.5

THE VOLUNTARY EMBARGO ON SOVIET GOODS

SIR,—So long as there is in authority a Socialist Government that does all in its power to help our open enemy, the Communist Party of Soviet Russia, the only way our people can fight the Communist menace is by the voluntary embargo on Soviet goods. In this respect the response to the appeal of the Trade

Defence Union has been splendid. Only last Saturday we authorized the printing of ten thousand more of the placards for shops anxious to advertise the fact that they did not deal in Soviet goods. The T.D.U. has issued all its literature, and held its meetings free of charge. It has circularized every local authority against the use of Soviet products. It has laid bare the truth about the so-called trade unions of Russia to every trade union branch in this country. It is about to issue to all the co-operatives of this country a revelation concerning the so-called co-operatives of Russia that will astonish the innocent members who were under the impression that their leaders were lending the co-operative millions to equally peaceful co-operatives instead of to the Russian Government, who were actually buying war material with the loans. All this costs money, and to those who think we have done a good work and are anxious to see it continued, I venture to appeal for donations, however small, so that we may not only continue but vastly extend it.

We have complete faith in the courage and capacity of the British race to make a voluntary embargo on Soviet products thoroughly effective. All that is needed is the conviction that the embargo is a vital and moral need of our country to-day, and this I am convinced the Trade Defence Union can bring home to our people if it is given the means to do so.

I am, etc.,

CARLYON BELLAIRS

Trade Defence Union,
London, S.W.

P.S.—Cheques should be crossed National Provincial Bank.

THE ETHICS OF TAXATION

SIR,—Mr. J. W. A. Hunt is incorrigible. I did not say that I believed the alternative to taxing the property classes was to tax all classes alike. I agree that that would be absurd and said so in my letter; indeed, that was the purport of it.

What I did say was that if Sir John Simon believed it to be not merely impolitic, but unjust, to tax a class on the strength of its property, then he committed himself to the converse belief, which is that all classes should be taxed equally and irrespective of property and income.

That conclusion, I said, was absurd. Put in this manner I thought the fallacy of Sir John Simon's objection to the Land Tax would be obvious, but since Mr. Hunt has missed the point entirely, I had better make it plainer.

It is just this: that a criticism which could be levelled at all types of taxation is inadmissible as criticism of one particular type of tax. This must be so, when the major premiss of our argument is the inevitableness of taxation. Sir John's objections might be raised against any tax without effect. What he objects to, apparently, is taxation, not land taxation, which (in 1932), for a politician, speaks for itself.

Where on earth Mr. Hunt gets the idea that (1) I hate the middle classes; (2) I ignore the distinction between fixed and fluid wealth; and (3) I am blinded by working-class bias and spite, will ever be a mystery to me.

Indeed, I ask, is it possible to hate a class? (one could hate a pair of boots easier); and is it possible to ignore the fundamental distinction between fluid and fixed wealth, when one owns one's own house (or will do, when it is paid for in nineteen years' time), and lastly, I ask, is it possible to be blinded by working-class bias, when one is born of that class? (The closer to the smell the more acutely is it felt.)

I am, etc.,

F. B. JARRETT

Upminster

NEW NOVELS

We regret that owing to the absence of Mr. H. C. Harwood through indisposition, we are unable to publish our weekly review of current fiction.

REVIEWS

A NEGLECTED SUBJECT

Clothes. An Essay by Eric Gill, with Seven Diagrams engraved by the Author. Cape. 10s. 6d.

AN artist on clothes ought to be interesting, for much of his time will be divided between drawing the human body and drawing the drapery of dress. Unfortunately, the only works now written upon clothes seem to be historical. Nobody seems to give the subject a thought, and it is considered only by people with some axe to grind: by the essayist who finds in clothes a ready and convenient symbolism; by cranks who wish to introduce some pet reform; by psychologists who find that clothes can be used to illustrate their theories of psychology. Except in that department of news which is called the fashion article, no attention is given to clothes. The subject has ceased to exist. A fatuous silence reigns over a human habit the least modification of which attracts immediate attention and from which everyone gains an enormous amount of pleasure. It is a strange state of affairs. Here is a subject of universal interest on which nothing is thought and on which nothing is written: a virgin field open to talent, and only needing talent to display its possibilities. Food, wine, cooking, the decoration of houses, the games that we play and the work that we do provide us with a multitude of counsellors, but our clothes find no one to discuss them except a few folk who are primarily concerned with something else.

Mr. Gill, I am afraid, is likewise one of these, only one doubts if he himself really knows the object of his writing. His essay "upon the nature and significance of the natural and artificial integuments worn by men and women" shows him to be as irrelevant with the pen as he can be excellent with the chisel. His ideas are not developed, his argument is vague and discursive, and, consciously or unconsciously, he has followed Carlyle in making clothes a spring-board for jumping off in all directions without Carlyle's excuse of having something, comparatively definite philosophically, to symbolize. It would be absurd to criticize a production in which an author is clearly letting off steam, and the resulting medley shows, I fancy, that Carlyle and Mr. Chesterton have been read by Mr. Gill, but not digested. Both are dangerous examples for a man to whom a sequence of thought and definition is difficult; who wants to say something without knowing what that something is, who would love to conduct an argument if he had an argument in his head, and who is conscious of a variety of notions and intuitions that he would love to clarify and order, if only he could define where precisely his opposition lay to the prejudices and the opinions that surround him. Mr. Gill is clearly uncomfortable and unhappy, as any artist in our society must needs be, but why he should be tempted to abandon his skilled hand for his unpractised pen is more puzzling. The newspapers, probably, have enraged him; he is oppressed by the puritans; but the best answer to both is in the exercise of his artistic talent, not in letting off steam in a disjointed book.

Mr. Gill sees at once the folly of supposing that men wear clothes primarily for use and warmth instead of to satisfy an instinct for adorning themselves so deep that even the naked savage in a hot climate will stick

feathers in his hair, rings in his nose, and paint on his body on occasions of ceremony:

In God's own image God began:
By Art mankind surpasses Man.

One reason why clothes, or at least the clothes of men, excite so little interest is that they have become drab, and this drabness is excused on the ground that clothes are meant to be useful and comfortable; and usefulness and comfort have ceased to be associated with beauty in modern life. Neither reason, of course, is true. Clothes are worn to enhance human dignity, and, at bottom, only such comfort is wanted as shall not interfere with the prevailing mode. The women who starved and sliced themselves in order to keep slim, who will cripple their limbs with hobbled skirts when these are the wear, and crucify their feet when pointed toes and high heels are the fashion, display a normal human instinct. Men have suffered much and gladly to wear patent leather shoes at garden-parties in the height of summer, and have choked themselves rapturously with tall, stiff collars; and comfort means little to them so long as they remain convinced of the rightness and fitness of both. What exactly Mr. Gill desires cannot be discovered from reading his book through, but only by noting the occasional sentences in which he is definite. He seems to favour the codpiece. He puts in a word for skirts. He would like the dress of the two sexes to approximate to one another. He has, of course, no prejudice against nakedness, but would not impose it at the public baths. The longest coherent passage comes at the end, and it is fair that, when the prophetic mood is on him, he should speak for himself:

Trousers and even shorts will be discarded, though both men and women will wear loose-fitting knickers or drawers when occasions, such as horse-riding, call for them. The clothes of the nursery will be retained by both boys and girls; and the skirts of both will lengthen as age and dignity increase. The tunic with the girdle will be the normal garment, with full cloaks and mantles embroidered according to fancy with fur or wool according to the season.

There is still plenty of room for a work devoted honestly to clothes.

OSBERT BURDETT

A BOOK OF BOOKS

The Anatomy of Bibliomania. Vol. II. By Holbrook Jackson. Soncino Press. 28s.

SEVEN or eight months ago, in these columns, I wrote something about the first volume of this noble monument of reading and memory. Ever since, an expectant gap of two inches has been left in a favoured bookcase; it is now gratefully filled. Vesalius accomplished his 'Anatomia' of the human body in seven parts; Mr. Jackson's cosmorama of books and matters pertinent to books has required two-and-thirty. But none is superfluous, and very few inadequate. Within its class—a small and exacting one—Mr. Jackson's completed 'Anatomy of Bibliomania' stands four-square and solid, an enviable acquisition for anyone with the love of books running warm in his blood. Let all such be grateful.

How much there is to be grateful for, any bookman will at once realize from merely a fleeting glimpse of its intessellated contents. Take at random Part XVIII, on the 'Caparisoning of Books,' and ponder all the possibilities that lie on the pen of an experienced book-lover who is setting out to write, in sequence, of such themes as its eight motifs—the 'Praise of Good Binding,' 'Beauty Composed of Many Qualities,' 'Variety of Styles and Materials,' 'Fitness for Purpose,' the 'Defence of Fine Bindings,' 'Character and Symbolism,' 'Bibliopegic Dandyism,' and on 'Books Bound in Human Skin.' What congenial (or should it be congenital?) reader could fail to be allured by Part XXIV, which diagnoses, with abundance of

documentation, the 'Symptoms of Bibliomania'—'Wherein the Madness Lies,' 'Its Main Character an Obsession,' 'Of Hoarding,' 'Bibliotaphs and Book Misers,' 'Pluralists,' and 'the Mania for Rarity'? Who will not relish fitting such caps to the heads of his friends, his rivals, his foes, and himself? (Odd, by the way, that one could not there write "herself." Does the malady never attack women? I cannot think of an instance.)

And curiosities abound. I was delighted, for instance, to find a whole part of Mr. Jackson's second volume devoted to the bookworm—the literal, not the metaphorical, animal. There was a very interesting book published some months ago on that fascinating creature, the sea serpent; but the strangeness of the marine monster's appearance, as authentically vouched for by mariners of good repute, is hardly less perplexing and delightful than some of the evidence here adduced concerning this minute, subtle, persistent enemy of learning. What is the creature? Mentzelius claims that it is vocal, and vows he saw on a piece of paper before him "a little insect that ceased not to carol like a very chanticleer. . . . He was about the bigness of a mite, and he carried a grey crest and bowed his head low over the bosom." Hooke, in 1667, declared him to be a "small glistening pearl-coloured moth . . . with a conical body divided into fourteen several partitions," and having very alarming horns, "curiously ringed or knobbed," not to mention scaly hairy legs and no fewer than three tails. Modern entomologists give other accounts, and provide sobering names for the several varieties of the pest—*Sitodrepa panicea*, *Lepisma saccharina*, *Ptinus fur*, among others—but their studies seem to lack the depth of bibliophilic passion that marked the earlier observers.

But it is impossible for a reviewer to let himself go off in chase of any of Mr. Jackson's innumerable hares. All he can do is to draw the attention of all lovers of books to a rare and well-presented feast. Mr. Jackson has proved himself *heluo librorum*; but, no selfish glutton, he bids them share his life's banqueting. They will be foolish who decline.

QUINCUNX

HORSE-RACING

The Classic Races of the Turf. By Guy B. H. Logan. With a Foreword by Sir George Thursby. Stanley Paul. 21s.

SOMEONE once said that a dictionary was "very interesting but a trifle disconnected." I am left with the same impression, but I do not blame the author—it is all a question of the ratio between the ground to be covered and the space available.

It would be possible to write a completely satisfying story of 70,000 words on the career of Fred Archer: to deal with his life in under 1,000 words leaves the reader "in the air." His curiosity has been aroused and is left unsatisfied, he wants more detail, more background, he wants to know what Archer thought about, why he did this and that, how far the tragic death of his wife in childbirth was responsible for his suicide. If he had not had to "waste," would his end have been the same? Mr. Logan's book raised these questions, but cannot answer them—its scope is too large for its bulk.

Again and again one's interest is aroused and left only partially satisfied: the great figures of the Turf, both human and equine, are conjured up before one's eyes, only to disappear like Pepper's Ghost just when one has become really interested in their careers.

There is a vast deal of interesting information in the book. The Oaks is an older race than the Derby. Eclipse, sire of 365 winners, did not win the Derby, as he was a fourteen-year-old when it was first run. Gustavus, who won the Derby in 1825, was

bought at Hampton Court for £25 as a yearling. Lord Berners won the Derby and did not know it, his servant (who had backed the horse) having failed to deliver the letter scratching Phosphorus. Lord Tennyson backed Sir Bevy's "Because he was the hero of one of my early poems"—and won.

"One of the most interesting characters in the book is Bill Scott, a jockey who bought Sibthorpe for £100 in Yorkshire, in the '40's, and changed the colt's name to Sir Tatton Sykes in compliment to his old master. "On one occasion, after the horse had done a particularly fine gallop, 'Bill' was discovered on his knees praying fervently, and, on being invited to explain this unaccustomed exhibition of piety, he said that he was thanking Heaven for having given him 'such a Hell of a horse at last!'" Scott won the 2,000 Guineas on him, but, having celebrated the occasion beforehand, he remained behind at the start of the Derby to swear at the starter and was beaten by a neck by Pyrrhus the First. He got his own back in the St. Leger, and died in 1848. Who would not like to know more of Bill Scott?

It is interesting to note that, a century ago, sporting journalists had the same irritating habits as to-day: their outpourings were, except to the initiated, completely unintelligible. "The Sledmere entry," "The Son of Eclipse," "The Straw and Gold," and such phrases replace the names of the horses: the ordinary reader is completely fogged. Even Mr. Logan is far from guiltless in this regard: describing a match between Hambletonian and Diamond he observes that "The Son of Fergus" started at 6 to 5 on. I admit my ignorance, but I found it necessary to resort to the index at the back to find out which horse was favourite. The index, however, gave several references to Hambletonian, from one of which, eight pages further on, I ascertained that he and not Diamond was by Fergus. Fortunately, I happened to look up the right horse first.

It seems a pity that matches are now out of fashion: they created great excitement in the old days and, somehow, there was a personal touch about them which open races lack. The stakes, too, were relatively far higher: in the Derby owners staked £50 each, in matches they might stand to lose £1,000.

To people who are not experts it must seem curious that any dispute can exist as to the merits of present-day horses and the giants of the past: we know that Flying Dutchman won the Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles) in 4 minutes 40 seconds in 1850; West Australian galloped the distance in 13 seconds less a few years later; modern times are available, the distances remain the same, surely it is only a question of comparing the weights carried? Those who favour the old-time horses may say that the modern "American" seat makes a difference: undoubtedly it does, but it should be possible to make allowances for that also.

Mr. Logan displays a profound and encyclopædic knowledge of everything connected with the Turf: his book is valuable for reference and entertaining to read—it would be yet more entertaining if it were more discursive; if, in fact, it were less valuable as a book of reference. But that is inevitable. JAMES DICKIE

NEW TENDENCIES IN SCULPTURE

The Art of Carved Sculpture. By Kineton Parkes. Chapman and Hall. 21s.

SCULPTURE in this country has always been a great mystery. It is less understood than any of the arts, and sculptors, generally speaking, have had a rough passage. So often are they in trouble with committees, critics and public that it is not to be wondered why the lay-mind regards them all with a certain amount of levity not unmixed with apprehension. Making allowances for the popular press which finds in nearly every new monument an opportunity for unin-

structed abuse or derision, the modern tendencies in sculpture are so different from what has been familiar to us in our squares and buildings that even the earnest searcher for the authentic note in bronze or stone is bewildered. After the suave mediocrity of 'Peter Pan,' he is confronted with the menacing symbolism of 'Night and Day.' Within twenty years, therefore, sculpture has swung from decadent sophistry to primitive furore, and the movement has been too rapid even for those who follow the art of sculpture with critical enthusiasm.

We cannot regard the war as solely responsible for a change of sentiment on the part of creative artists. The advance towards a simpler and less technical expression in art began with Post-Impressionism and sculpture, but sculpture felt the influence later than painting, and the war, by concentrating a fierce light of enquiry into our civilization, accelerated it.

Everyone who would understand the position of contemporary sculpture should make a study of Mr. Kineton Parkes's book, 'The Art of Carved Sculpture.' The author is the most learned authority on the subject, and his book is written in such a straightforward style that it should appeal as much to the public as to the connoisseur. Mr. Kineton Parkes has spent many years among the sculptors of the world, has discussed their ideals with them and watched their careers with considerable care and appreciation.

The point of departure from the old ideals is where the modern sculptor abandoned the modelling-tool for the chisel. Many sculptors are now definitely glyptic and not plastic in their conceptions. They are carvers. Their work is hewn from some hard substance and not built up piece by piece in clay or wax and then translated into bronze or marble. This method, which, of course, is not new, since several of the greatest sculptors have been both carvers and modellers, imposes a certain discipline upon the artist which should modify his work according to the dictates of his material. Such a memorial as the Shaftesbury Fountain is essentially plastic, and though the whole thing might have been carved in marble its elaborate fluidity could only be properly expressed in bronze.

The work of Mr. Eric Gill, on the other hand, is essentially glyptic, and could not have been achieved by the process of modelling. Mr. Gill is a master of his material and he never "drives" wood or stone into the attitudes of clay and wax. Here is the problem before the creator of images, and the sooner he solves it the purer his work will be. But it is not to be maintained that the glyptic or carving method is better than the plastic. Much of the best sculpture during and since the Renaissance is plastic, but there is no merit in merely trying to repeat what has been done before, although the wise sculptor is willing to learn just as much as he wants to learn from all the best schools.

The test of an artist is partly in his sincerity and partly in the power of his inspiration. Sincerity is not enough. A man might have a passionate sincerity in thinking that an egg best expresses the human countenance. And this is the danger of the modern glyptic school. Some of the things in marble and stone that are exhibited at various galleries are glyptic to the point of nihilism, and we suspect that if the mind of their perpetrator is not extremely naïve it is calculatingly subtle, for eccentric sculpture attracts a fatal publicity.

Apart, however, from such opportunism, the revival of the art of carving is a welcome movement, and can only do good at a time when architecture is in need of an amplifying force apart from the old standards of ornament and decoration. Mr. Kineton Parkes has done a real service in collating and explaining the ideals of many of the "advanced" sculptors, and since the book is copiously illustrated it makes an important guide into the mysteries of carving and modelling.

ADRIAN BURY

VICTORIANA

Victoriana. By Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

IT is difficult for any reader of this volume to escape the influence of the frontispiece to it. The composite Victorian figures who file past Mr. Sitwell have at least character and personality as compared with the curiously Prussian mien of their critic. The physical mask is not psychologically correct, for the sniggering negativity of the implied criticism that follows in the letterpress is the logical consummation of the older and bluffer Liberalism which is in these pages so skillfully held up to ridicule and contempt.

The reader is presumed to know that a public assembly can never be perfect without female members, that none of Wagner's music can ever be compared to "a storm in a slop basin," that Great Britain never wanted to secure Egypt good government or liberty, that opium can never soothe the nerves or be used medicinally, that the word "agnostic" can never be used to shirk an issue, and that a man who makes a fortune by intelligence and integrity is necessarily ludicrous.

In his younger days Mr. Sitwell could write trenchant satire which was the fruit of courage and conviction, and if he had lived in the Victorian Age he would probably have continued to do so; but the progressive spirit of our times has a rather sterilizing effect. The Victorians had obvious defects on which I rather irreverently descanted nearly thirty years ago. They were collectively if not always individually self-satisfied, many of them preferred snuff to tobacco, wine to whisky, ladies to shrews, housewives to whores, religion to psycho-analysis, clear statement to verbose ambiguity, and field sports to golf. They expressed their eccentric convictions with an uncompromising

PHILIP  EARLE

Two Good Novels

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vigour which is now quite out of date, but which at least expressed some activity of intellect and character. They were sometimes unkind to women, children, heretics, and sluggards; but they knew what they wanted and were not always waiting to see how the cat would jump.

Their principal misfortune was perhaps indicated by Jowett when in old age he sat with two cronies over the fireside and chirruped: "We have often sought for truth and sometimes found it—but have we had much fun?" No doubt Dr. Jowett derived as much fun as Mr. Sitwell does from feeling that what he did not know was not knowledge. But it is not everyone who can draw the bow of Benjamin Jowett and a Common Room is not so docile as a coterie.

EDITED

The Poems of Wilfred Owen. A new edition including many pieces now first published, and notices of his life and work by Edmund Blunden. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

WILFRED OWEN has been edited. Thirty-five unpublished poems have been dug out of his MSS. and added to the twenty-four by which we know him. A biographical memoir has been tacked on in front, behind an appendix and variorum notes. Owen, in brief, has become a classic, pawed over by the dull, blunt fingers of an editorial mind.

Of the thirty-five new poems and fragments of poems (other fragments are scattered haphazardly through the notes and memoir), all but two or three might well have been left where they were so wisely left by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who first brought out his friend's poems in 1920. They add something to our understanding of Owen's poetical growth, but very little to his credit. Many of them are immaturities which Owen would certainly have suppressed, born out of his reading rather than his experience, still written in a grand manner too vague and undisciplined, and still loving to rhyme "hurled" with "world." If published at all (and sooner or later, I suppose, publication was inevitable) they should have been decently bottled in an appendix and not allowed to water down the few vintage pints of lovely and matured poetry which Owen has left behind him.

The memoir is something to be grateful for. It is muddled (like the arrangement of the whole book) and without much critical vivacity, but it does contain long extracts from Owen's letters which portray the development of his attitude as war dragged on, and it does give as complete an outline of his brief career as we are likely to get. But there the virtue of this edition comes to an end. Neither the memoir nor Mr. Blunden's humble enthusiasm saves it from being an effort of misguided pedantry.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THE GAME OF SPECULATION

The Drama of Money-Making: Tragedy and Comedy of the London Stock Exchange. By Hubert A. Meredith. Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Meredith has much to say in his book of the technical side of money and money-making, and gives us one of the best accounts of the Stock Exchange, its personnel and its routine, that have appeared in print, he is mainly concerned with the major events in the story of modern speculation, with the men who have become famous, and often infamous, in the annals of high finance, and with the great booms and slumps which started with the Dutch Tulip mania of 1634, and closed with the Rubber Boom of 1910, the

slump of which is not yet over. Thus we have interesting accounts of the Tulip craze, of Law's Mississippi Scheme, of the South Sea Bubble, and of the Railway, Kaffir and Rubber Booms. But it is when he comes to deal with persons that Mr. Meredith is at his best and his stories of Henry Fauntleroy, of George Hudson, of Baron Grant, of Jabez Balfour, of Ernest Terah Hooley, of Whitaker Wright and James White, are novels in miniature.

Mr. Meredith is particularly interesting when he discusses the psychology of the speculator who, caught in the toils of a bad failure, throws prudence and honesty to the winds, and hopes against hope that his luck will turn before the damaging facts are discovered. It is the megalomania which affects so many successful speculators that is their undoing. "Unexampled optimism and reckless extravagance," as Mr. Meredith puts it, and not mere personal greed, account for the actions of a Whitaker Wright. Again, writing of Gerard Lee Bevan, he expresses the opinion that Bevan acted without criminal intent, and that if markets had boomed, he would have done well for his company. How often, one wonders, has that little "if" stood between success with the world's esteem and failures with mankind's execration?

There is humour in some of the stories Mr. Meredith has to tell, though the victims of "the Warner bear squeeze," for instance, probably failed to see the fun of it. Mr. Meredith devotes one chapter to Stock Exchange humour, and has many good stories to tell. Who could fail to enjoy the anger of the jobber whose former employee had become a serious rival? "Why," said the injured man, "he's a sharper, a thief, and a liar, and I've taught him all he knows!" or to appreciate the acuteness of the dealer of whom it was said that the burglars who visited him lost money over the job. Mr. Meredith mingles amusement with instruction, and his writing is racy and to the point.

BUTTERWORTH

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THE I.C.S.

The Indian Civil Service, 1631-1930. By L. S. S. O'Malley. Murray. 12s.

IT seems strange that one so learned in Indian literature as Lord Zetland can write in 1931 that "no consecutive account of the origin, the growth, and the infinite variety of the work of the [Indian Civil] service has hitherto been written." But so it is and Mr. O'Malley, well qualified by his life of service in India, has filled the gap admirably. The first four chapters trace the history of the service from 1631 to the Great War, and are excellent reading. But most readers will probably appreciate even more Mr. O'Malley's handling of the modern achievements and problems of the service. It is a big mistake to think of the I.C.S. in the terms of the home Civil Service. The latter is purely executive, whereas a member of the I.C.S. must "be ready to take on any job from Chief Justice to Bishop." They become rulers, judges, experts on agricultural problems, and so on, and nowadays they have to become politicians as well. How many realize that the service includes only about 1,000 members? The enormous burdens that fall on the service are well detailed in this book. The District Officer is in charge of an area of 4,430 square miles and Mr. O'Malley is particularly interesting in his discussion about the reduced amount of time now available for touring in the officer's district.

But the greatest importance of this book lies in the chapters dealing with the effects of modern political conditions. Our English enthusiasts for Swaraj, who are so apt to join in the chorus of abuse of "sun-dried bureaucrats," would do well to digest Mr. O'Malley's remark that "the Service has never been in such sympathy with the [Indian] educated classes as with the simple villagers." It is the villagers who are going to suffer when the power has passed from the I.C.S. to "educated" Indian politicians. And it is the Indian "proletariat" that is already suffering from the hasty Indianization of the I.C.S. Mr. O'Malley unfortunately gives very little space to this latter question. "The change," he writes, "seems bound to cause practical difficulties in times of communal tension if the chief local representative of the Crown is either a Hindu or a Mohamadan." And even when communal tension is absent, the fact that there is no independent Englishman at hand is bound to worsen the lot of the humbler people of India, who always have been, and under Swaraj will be more than ever, at the mercy of Indian despoilers. Those who plan new constitutions for India seem utterly unable even to realize the existence of such problems as these. The bedrock fact is that from the moment when the era of the "nabobs" passed down to to-day, the I.C.S. has protected the humble in India from the rich and the powerful. Where such protection is to come from in future it is very difficult to see, no matter how many votes are distributed among Indians.

PRINCES OF WALES

Kings in the Making. By E. Thornton Cook. Murray. 18s.

THE chief interest of Mrs. Thornton Cook's book lies in the contrasts and comparisons between the lives of the twenty Princes of Wales, contrasts which are all the more dramatic because they have been lifted out of surrounding history and placed side by side in a show-case of their own. And what a show!

The earlier princes were mostly of necessity men of war, born to fulfil the onerous position of the chief flower of chivalry. When they succeeded they sometimes got more than their just due. When they failed,

they failed more tragically than ordinary men. The Black Prince, Prince Hal who organized an army medical service, Richard II, custodian of the kingdom at seven years of age, the holocaust of the Wars of the Roses—surely the children of privilege held no sinecures.

With the advent of the Tudors, the Princes of Wales began their apprenticeship with something more than martial training. Arthur, Prince of Wales, was "very studious and learned beyond his years and beyond the custom of princes." Arthur, incidentally, was the first Prince of Wales to be married in London. After Henry VIII, there was no Prince of Wales for a hundred years.

The next Prince of Wales courted clandestinely a Spanish princess, married a French princess for love (among other reasons) and lost his throne and his head, leaving his son to one of the hardest and bitterest trainings a King of England has ever known.

George II was born in an atmosphere of intrigue and scandal. But his legitimacy was satisfactorily proved, for "by particular Providence" sixty-seven persons were present in the Queen's chamber at the time. But Providence did not prevent his starting the series of bitter family quarrels which continued until Edward VII held the title of Prince of Wales. "My dear first-born," said Caroline, "is the greatest ass and the greatest liar and the greatest canaille and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he were out of it."

What wonder that some of the Hanoverian Princes of Wales, debarred from politics, from war, from any serious occupations save marrying princesses of their antagonistic fathers' choice, kicking their heels in enforced idleness, sometimes kicked over the traces as well? The apex and epilogue of this regime was symbolized by George IV, "a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad subject, a bad friend, and a bad monarch," a man who had been "driven to occupy him-

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self in trifles because he had found no opportunities to display his talents in the conduct of great concerns."

Very different was the education of the next Prince of Wales. From the earliest age he was intensively plugged with every kind of "proper" knowledge. But his talents, natural, cultivated and acquired with so much labour and parental forethought, were barely used. It was the inherent greatness of Edward VII that made him find and develop his own *métier*—the rôle of Peace-Maker, of Imperial Ambassador, which has been carried on so magnificently by his sons and grandsons.

Mrs. Thornton Cook is not consistent in her methods. Some of the Princes' lives are treated *in toto*. Others are dealt with only during the period when they were Princes of Wales. Some are merely potted "lives." Others are treated with biographical insight. But, on the whole, it is an interesting work, and a very useful book of reference.

M. SCOTT JOHNSTON

THE PENINSULA

A History of the Peninsular War. Vol. VII. August 1813—April 1814. By Sir Charles Oman. 35s. Complete Work, £6 6s.

THIS volume, the publication of which has been considerably delayed by the author's Parliamentary and other business and by the necessity for two more summer excursions to the Pyrenean country, covers the period from the second siege of St. Sebastian in August, 1813, until the end of the war in April, 1814. It thus completes a book which is a military history of six years' fighting rather than a political history of Europe during the Napoleonic era. With regard to this final period particular stress is laid upon the fact that, in Wellington's invasion of France, political considerations played as important a part as strategic requirements.

The war was the direct cause of the loss of Napoleon's prestige for invincibility and the indirect cause of his downfall in 1813-1814. According to the author, whose opinion can hardly be disputed, it placed Great Britain in a position of dominance in Europe such as she has never enjoyed before or since, and Castlereagh and Wellington were more dominant figures at the Congress of Vienna than was Mr. Lloyd George at Versailles. Triumphant, but exhausted, however, we had the same kind of post-war economic difficulties that are now still troubling us. Then, as at present, the British people were faced by hard times, largely due to the drooping of industries stimulated by a war pressure which was and is gone.

The book is authoritative and well done, it has all the necessary maps and plans and is provided with an excellent index.

A GERMAN ON ENGLISH

Die Englische Literatur der Gegenwart. By Friedrich Wild. Dioskuren Verlag, Leipzig. R.M.8.

HERE is a book nearly 300 pages long, giving details, sometimes full details, of nearly 300 British—occasionally American—poets of the last sixty years—who shall say now that the creative urge is dead in us?—a book which gives not a single quotation and very little criticism in the orthodox sense; yet a book which is not only interesting to read but leaves one with a very definite idea of the development of our poetry and the significance of our poets. How Professor Wild has achieved this is something of a mystery

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Mr. Gilpatric is a new humorist with a satirical touch and a spontaneous wit. He here describes the uproarious adventures of the crew of a Scotch tramp. "Meester" Glencannon, the engineer, is an unforgettable creation with his fondness for bagpipes and whisky.

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—the book is a marked contrast to Professor Green's history of the modern French novel—a triumph of descriptive and objective criticism. But what German readers will make of it, Heaven knows; for one cannot help feeling, perhaps unkindly, that the success of the book is due rather to the background of one's own memories and ideas than to the account itself. Indeed, to a stranger to English poetry, the book must seem in places like a machine-gun rattle of meaningless names.

On the whole, the discussion of individuals will find little opposition; though many of us would object to a critic who allotted a page to Lascelles Abercrombie, the only living poet to be dignified by the Oxford Press, nearly three pages to G. K. C., a bare page for Edmund Blunden, nearly two for Lord Alfred Douglas, three for T. Sturge Moore, one to T. S. Eliot, and so on. But critics, like anthologists, must follow their own bent and be judged by results. The development of poetry from 1870 to 1890, the Yellow Book period, the Symbolists, the "Realistischer Impressionismus" and "Klassisch aufgeklärter Form" of 1890 to 1910, the subconscious, often almost untraceable, conflict within the same artist of romantic and classic, the Imagists and the ultra-moderns—manage to find a meaning. And one almost begins to feel, thanks to Professor Wild's enthusiasm, skill and general attitude, that poets may really be, or become, the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

SHORTER NOTICES

England's Opportunity: A Reply to an Argument. By Reginald Berkeley. Gollancz. 3s.

CAPTAIN BERKELEY is to be congratulated on his spirited and effective reply to the sprightly funeral oration which M. André Siegfried has been good enough to pronounce over the economic body of England. It is difficult even with Captain Berkeley's analysis at hand to understand precisely why the Alsatian professor with his comprehensive ignorance of our economic history took upon himself the task of lecturing us; but, as Captain Berkeley indicates, it seems that he deeply resents the only two facts he really has grasped, namely, that we have not attempted to meet our economic difficulties by a fraudulent bankruptcy, and that we have resolutely declined to lower the standard of life of our working people.

Two-thirds of his little brochure Captain Berkeley devotes to refuting Professor Siegfried and to demonstrating that our present economic position is far better than it seems and that it compares most favourably with the conditions in other countries suffering from the effects of the war and the peace. The other third he uses to expound a plan of his own which demands a Coalition Dictatorship. Captain Berkeley is of those who still approve the way the Coalition conducted the Great War and arranged the Great Peace, but it may be doubted if there is anything like a working majority of his opinion. However, there are ideas in the plan, which is to reduce prices without lowering real wages; without, that is, reducing the standard of living; and it may be that it would be possible to secure this, without declaring "a state of emergency and national discipline." Captain Berkeley has done us a great service in proving that undertakers and vultures are premature in their attendance. We are not dead yet.

The Great Religious Orders. By Piers Compton. Elkin Matthews and Marrot. 6s. 6d.

WE will not quarrel with the publishers' amiable belief that "this is the first occasion on which accounts

of all the sixteen great religious orders have been included in one volume," though a little research would have shown them quite a number of histories of monasticism which go very fully into the matter. Mr. Compton, who writes from the extreme Roman Catholic standpoint, and whose history on controversial points is therefore Romanist rather than historical, gives a short sketch of the great orders following the Benedictine rule, the Canons regular, the Friars, and four post-Reformation orders. The work is illustrated by Mrs. M. Foster by striking drawings of costume mostly founded on the figures of Dugdale or Helyot. The book will prove a useful compendium of facts about these orders not readily available otherwise.

The Archæology of Berkshire. By Harold Peake. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

THERE is no county in England without its fervent admirers, but to one Londoner, at least, Berkshire stands highest in his affections. The Ridgeway as its spinal nerve, the Downs stretching away to the south, the open country and woodland running north to the Thames, the little villages below the hills, all offer peace and consolation to the wearied town-dweller. It is the Ridgeway that comes first to the mind, stretching mile after mile in unbroken solitude, punctuated by camps of all ages from neolithic days to the coming of the Picts and the Saxons, either on the road itself or near by. The great White Horse, now deprived of its hoary antiquity and reduced to a mere century B.C., lies below, facing the little hill in which fancy still sees an altar; further on we come upon Wayland Smith's Cave, a name a millennium older than the structure itself, for Wayland Smith was older than the gods themselves, and the attribution shows the reverence in

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which the aboriginal peoples held it when the Saxons came. With Avebury and Stonehenge on its route, the Ridgeway must be one of the oldest roads in Britain, but Berkshire has many other antiquities to show. It has, for instance, one of the clearest pictures of the coming of the Saxons—a mound with the huddled remains of a group of old men, women and children, and near by another with half a dozen Saxon warriors. Another discovery shows the plate chest of a Roman-British family containing pewter vessels, thrown down a well to hide them from the harriers—Picts or Saxons—and a burnt-out house with a service of pottery, already of ancient date, partly burnt, partly blackened. Mr. Peake is a brilliant expositor, and carries us with him, aided by a series of excellent maps, through the life of the country from the ice ages to the Norman Conquest. He has also provided a most valuable gazetteer, in which every find of ancient material up to yesterday has been chronicled. Let us regret that he has told us nothing of the Blowing Stone; surely it was worthy, at least, of a guess as to its age. The illustrations are most useful and there is a good index.

In Defence of the Reformation. By G. G. Coulton. Simpkin Marshall. 5s.

THIS work consists of three lectures delivered at Liverpool on Infallibility, Persecution, and the Reformation, with reports of the discussions after the lectures, the comments on them before and after in the Roman Catholic Press, and some documentary vouchers, including a receipt for ten guineas from the Editor of the *Tablet* for the right to reprint the *Tablet's* Editorial Comments. Dr. Coulton's arguments against Infallibility raise points not dealt with in the recent correspondence in our columns. The story of the replies to Dr. Coulton's lectures reminds us of the famous brief for the defence: "No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney." Till Roman Catholic controversialists realize that the *ipse dixit* of an ecclesiastic, no matter how highly placed, has no more weight than its intrinsic scholarship merits, the expression of their outraged feelings in mud-throwing will continue to put them to a disadvantage in the eyes of most reasonable men.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XLI

In the seventh book of 'Paradise Lost,' Raphael, "the affable archangel," gives Adam an account of things which happened prior to the advent of humanity. In a number of important details the account appears incorrect, and we suggest that our readers should undertake the task of revision. They are free to attempt a whole seventh book (length 640 lines), or to submit extracts from it (length not less than 100 lines). The Miltonic manner should, as far as possible, be preserved.

Unless so disposed, they need not present Raphael as a rigid Darwinian. For all we know to the contrary, he may be a Lamarckian, but we cling to a notion that he is a personage of common sense, and, as such, is no longer a Fundamentalist.

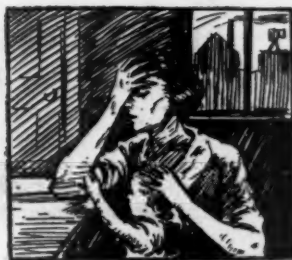
For the two best entries we offer prizes of Five Guineas and Three Guineas.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, September 28, and it is hoped to publish the result in October.

We regret that owing to lack of space, we have been compelled to hold over the results of previous competitions till next week.

***This poor
mother
MUST GO
AWAY!***



KEEPING a home together on a slender income, scraping odd pennies so that her little ones and "her man" may be fed and clothed, slaving . . . sacrificing . . . no wonder her strength is failing.

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OF NUMBERLESS
NEEDS
NUMBERLESS
FRIENDS**

Will you be one?

**The
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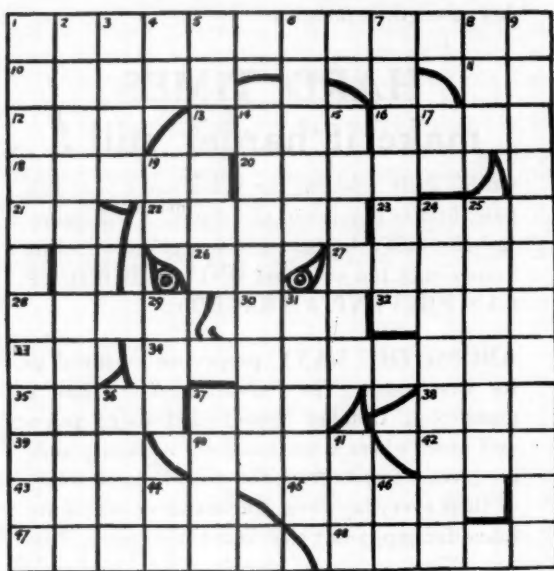
RHYMING CROSS WORD—VI

("MISS PUCK")

By AFRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.



CLUES.

(The references are to Verse and Line of the verse below).

- | | | | |
|------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| Across. | Down. | Across. | Down. |
| 1. IV, 5 | 30. III, 7 | 1. IV, 1 | 17. V, 4 |
| 10. III, 2 | 32. I, 5 | 2. II, 2 | 19. I, 5 |
| 11. I, 2 | 33. I, 4 | 3. IV, 2 | 24. III, 2 |
| 12. I, 4 | 34. V, 3 | 4. V, 4 | 25. V, 5 |
| 13. I, 6 | 35. V, 7 | 5. II, 1 | 29. I, 5 |
| 16. I, 2 | 37. I, 4 | 6. III, 4 | 31. II, 4 |
| 18. III, 1 | 38. II, 5 | 7. I, 3 | 36. IV, 5 |
| 20. IV, 3 | 39. II, 1 | 8. I, 2 | 37. IV, 8 |
| 21. II, 3 | 40. II, 6 | 9. II, 3 | 41. I, 3 |
| 22. I, 4 | 42. II, 5 | 14. II, 4 | 44. IV, 7 |
| 23. II, 1 | 43. III, 3 | 15. V, 2 | 46. V, 4 |
| 28. III, 2 | 45. III, 6 | | |
| 27. I, 1 | 47. III, 5 | | |
| 29. V, 5 | 48. III, 1 | | |

NOTE.—The mark / after a number means that the word has been divided between two or more words of the verse.

THE ELVES

Ye elves that trea-27/-ry way
From 8 to 11 rev.-m without di-16 rev.,
7 though the g-41-m be;
That 33-12 rev. a track through 37a-t and 22
On noiseless h-29 and 19 rev.-32 paw,
13/-ry may your doom be!

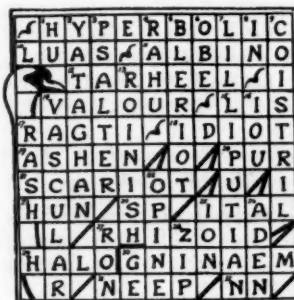
When 5 of 23/-39-aceful prowl,
And 2 sit up and howl
21 9-1 cadence,
14-s al-31 rev.-rant throng,
The elves 38/-42-ing along
To spoil our r-40 maidens.

"C-48/-rner, ere the su-18/-e,
Our 26 rev.-tral 10 to 24,
Each maiden's tears and nas-43/-ighs:
Such things 6/-lues lightly;
Make your 47 upon her eyes,
As black as s-45/-he sleeping lies:
Yo-30/-nly chance of such a prize
Is when she veils them nightly;

"1d is ours till day:
'Twill soon be time t-3/-ch away,
And cry, 20, as sailors say:
But, till the sun shines brightly,
Till 1a turn the sul-36/-ods,
Till morning light turns men to gods,
Till 44-wpie wakes, and owlet nods,
Get 37d, boys, be sprightly!"

The rest of this is not so hard:
Has 15 Crawley left his card?
Who fought the French at 34?
Who said, "4, guards, and 17 '46"?"
Do 25 live in 28?
(They're ostriches, that's all I know)
Do polar bears live on a 35 rev.?
Did Pitt become Lord Chatham?

"THE LAKE" SOLUTION



NOTES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Across. | Down. |
| 10. 1 Sam. xxvi. 18, 20. | 5. First to fly the Channel. |
| 14. "For Valour," on the V.C. | 6-27. King of the fairies, who were supposed to make the rings in the grass ('Tempest,' V, 1). |
| 15. Clovis (Louis, Louis, Lis) received a lily from heaven. | 7. Swift: 'Gulliver's Travels'. |
| 17. Ragti-me. | 9. Or coystil, or coystil; but these are excluded by the Envoi. |
| 20. Esther ix. 26, 24 | 16. In S-iou-x. |
| 21. I-scarlot. | 17. (a) Rash-er; (b) to lacerate (obs.). |
| 30. Is un-meaning until re-versed. | 22. O-pine, suppose; O pine, O waste away. |
| 31. Scots for turnip. | 26. A coaling station; ana-gram of Dean. |
| | 27-25. Mostly onion. |

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. V
The winner is Mr. R. Carrick, Felmersham, Bude, Cornwall, who has chosen for his prize 'A Dickens Dictionary,' by A. J. Philip and W. Lawrence Gadd (Baker's Great Bookshop, 9s. 6d.).

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- B. 3831. 'St. Mary's Chimes.' Waltz (J. Strauss, arr. Zeitberger). 'A Summer Evening.' Waltz (Waldteufel). Mark Weber and His Orchestra.
- C. 2230. 'Negro Spiritual Medley' (arr. Virgo). 'Old English Medley' (arr. Virgo). Cedric Sharpe Sextet.
- C. 2189. 'Fantasia on Melodies of Johann Strauss' (Weber). Marek Weber and His Orchestra.
- D.A. 1157. 'Jota' (De Falla). 'Serenade Espagnol' (Spanish Serenade). (Glazounov, arr. Kreisler). Fritz Kreisler. Piano accompaniment by Michael Raucheisen.
- D.A. 1030. 'Musette' (Bach-Pollain). 'Mazurka, Op. 11, No. 3' (Popper). Pablo Casals. Piano accompaniment by Nicholai Mednikoff.

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 485

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, July 25)

IN HUTCHES KEPT, WE OFTEN GIVE MUCH PLEASURE
TO BOYS AND GIRLS AND GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE.

1. COPHETUA married her—no need for more!
2. Edible, but what's borrowed please restore
3. to me, Light 3; it neatly fits the place.
4. Denotes an ancient, warlike, widespread race.
5. You dwell in one, but it's too large by half.
6. Don't mention me to neighbour BONHOMME's calf.
7. Curtail what comes when Sol some hours has risen.
8. Coolly appropriates what isn't hisn.
9. Circuit or compass: let the pronoun perish!
10. Clip fore and aft a beast all Cockneys cherish.
11. Words are his bairns and Speech the dam that bare them.
12. Take a French town: destroy its sons, or spare them.

Solution of Acrostic No. 483

W a R
Intemperance
N e Ptune
D ee P¹
tO r Ch
W attea U²
Bell-wethe R
L ook-ou T
I ndr A³
N Igh
D aw N
S ock S

- 1 "The deep," in poetry, *the sea*.
- 2 Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), a master of the Rococo age. Painted chiefly small landscapes, mock-pastoral idylls in court dress.
- 3 Hindu god of the firmament and the rain and thunder.

ACROSTIC No. 483.—The winner is Miss Mary Llewelyn Davies, Broad How, Patterdale, Penrith, who has selected as her prize 'Sir Philip Sidney,' by Mona Wilson, published by Duckworth and reviewed by us on July 4 under the title "The Perfect Knight." Eighteen other competitors chose this book, sixteen named 'Schliemann of Troy: The Story of a Goldseeker,' nine 'Cleopatra: A Royal Voluptuary,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskeris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, J. Chambers, Clam, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, D. L., Exarch, Gay, Glamis, T. Hartland, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Lilian, Madge, Martha, Met, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Peter, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Boote, Carlton, C. C. J., Maud Crowther, Eyhil, Fossil, Ganes, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bimbo, Farsdon, J. Fincham, Miss Kelly, Rand, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

Light 2 baffled 9 solvers; Light 8, 8; Lights 1 and 12, 3; Light 9, 2; Lights 3, 4, and 10, 1.

T. HARTLAND.—Mantilla was a misprint; I wrote Montilla. I am never within reach of the Encyc. Brit., but seldom use a word that is not in the C.O.D., which should be in every household.

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions and to post their solutions in good time.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

FOR two years the industrial world, in its widest sense, has been passing through a period of almost unprecedented depression. Every country has suffered to a greater or less extent, and nearly every commodity has depreciated in a manner which has proved ruinous to producers. The stock markets and Bourses of the world have as a natural corollary also suffered, and the tale of depreciated prices is too well known to need repetition. During recent months students of the world's financial position have felt acute uneasiness, as it was felt to be almost impossible for the world of finance to sustain the existing strain without disaster. Unfortunately, these fears have been proved justified, and the weakest links in the chain have broken, the strain caused by the Credit Anstalt trouble in Austria having proved the final contributory cause. The surprising feature in the situation appears to be, not that Germany finds herself in financial difficulties now, but that this situation had not arisen before. Ever since the war, Germany has been a very constant borrower, the interest on one loan being paid by the capital derived from another. Such reparations as the Allies have received they have paid themselves, for Germany's payments have all been derived in the form of loans or credits from the ultimate recipients. Unsound as such financial methods must prove in the long run, they become decidedly dangerous when too large a proportion takes the form of short-term credits, a class of financing which Germany has apparently favoured, possibly because long-dated loans were unprocurable. During recent months, however, not merely has Germany found it impossible to obtain further long-dated loans, and difficult to secure further short-term credits, but there has been a decided tendency on the part of lenders not to renew these short-term loans when they matured. This preponderance of what is known in the money market as "bad" money has been largely responsible for the recent German crisis. There have been other contributory factors, such as political unrest within her own borders, political mistrust on the part of the French, and a tendency on the part of German banks to lose their freedom of action through frozen credits to industry. Still, these factors could not have reached serious dimensions if the basis of Germany's financing had been sounder. This fact should not be lost sight of, for if the position is to be righted, so that such incidents cannot recur and disorganize the world's financial machinery, and not merely patched up, Germany's finances must be placed on a long-term basis—a problem difficult to solve in view of the serious shaking the confidence of investors has received as far as Germany is concerned. In any case, the shock the world's money markets has sustained cannot be quickly recovered, and repercussions of these events are likely to disturb the international discount markets for many a day.

STOCK MARKETS

During the past week the world's stock markets have certainly behaved in a very exemplary manner. Admittedly, prices on the London Stock Exchange were marked down last Monday morning as a result of the serious turn events had taken in Germany over the week-end, but never for a moment was there anything

even savouring of a panic. It is felt that this German crisis may well mark the turning point as far as stock market depression is concerned. Presumably, now we know the worst, the intangible something which has been hanging over markets for so long is no longer a mystery. The worst is known, and, as anticipation always has a more serious effect on the stock markets than realization, one is justified in hoping for something in the nature of a mild recovery in due course. At the same time, it would be foolish to imagine that a position, such as the one which is being passed through, can occur without leaving a considerable amount of wreckage behind it, which will take many months to clear away. While it would seem that anything savouring of optimism is not justified, it would be a mistake to indulge too freely in aggressive pessimism.

THE GILT-EDGED MARKET

A direct result of Central European happenings is, at all events, the temporary eclipse of the Gilt-edged market as the most promising centre for stock market activity. The popularity of Gilt-edged counters during recent months has been caused by the influx of gold to the Bank of England, the favourable position of sterling in the Foreign Exchange market, the probability of a Conversion scheme for War Loan 5 per cent., and anticipations that our Bank Rate would be reduced to 2 per cent. and that we were in for a long period of cheap money. Recent events have altered all these factors, and while investors can retain their Gilt-edged securities, realizing that they are holding really safety-first counters, it is unlikely that this market will continue, at all events for the time being, to attract that speculative activity which it has recently enjoyed.

HUDSON'S BAYS

In view of the continued fall in fur prices and the fact that Canada has shared in recent world-wide depression, the unfortunate showing made by the Hudson's Bay Company's report and balance sheet will have occasioned no surprise. The amount of the loss incurred, however, was greater than had been anticipated, the net loss totalling no less a sum than £746,335, which compares with a net trading profit of £137,811 for the previous year. To meet the loss the directors have drawn £300,000 from the dividend equalization account, and the balance from share premiums account. This is also drawn on for a further £939,778 for the purpose of writing off the capital value of shares in associated companies and providing for depreciation on buildings and merchandise. As a net result no less a sum than £1,684,643 has been withdrawn from reserves. Although this step may appear drastic, it probably is a wise one, inasmuch as the company's balance sheet is now satisfactorily adjusted, and the company should be in a position to benefit materially from any improvement in general conditions. Eight proprietors have been nominated as candidates for the Board. Two of these, Sir George May, who recently retired from the position of Secretary of the Prudential Assurance Company, and Mr. E. R. Peacock, a director of Baring Brothers and of the Canadian Pacific Railway, should certainly prove a source of considerable strength to the company if elected. Of the remaining names, one is that of Mr. C. D. Nordon. Mr. Nordon has taken a very active interest in the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company during recent years, and his election to the Board has probably pleased a large section of proprietors.

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